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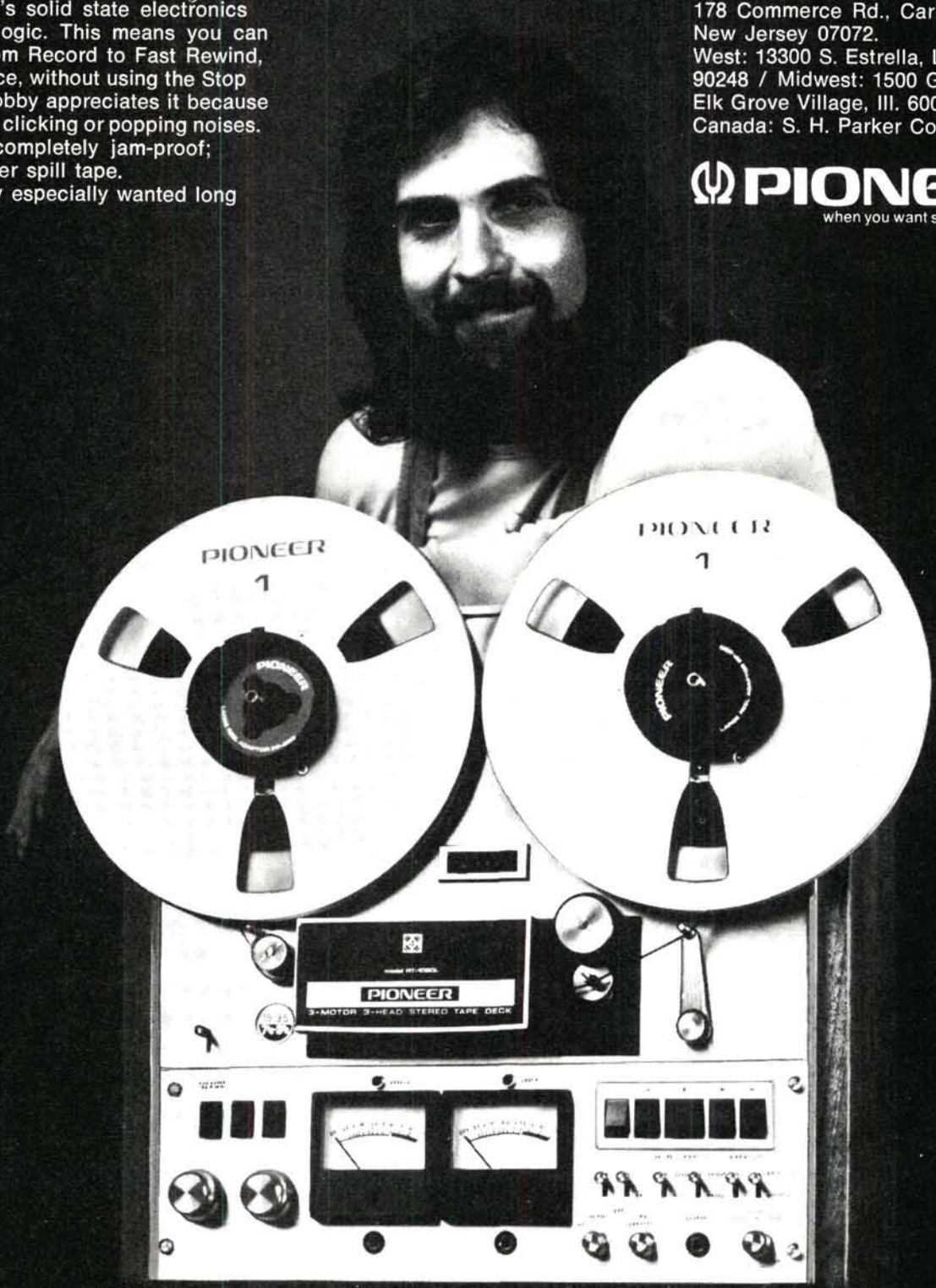

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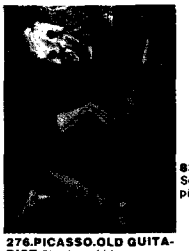

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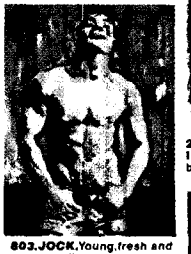

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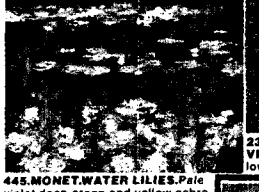

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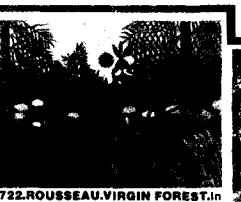

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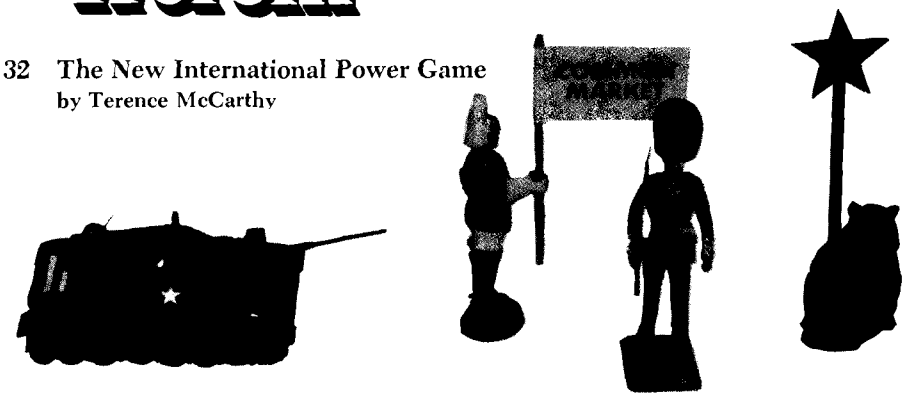
Herein

6 Letters

12 Dallas to Watergate: The Longest Cover-up
by Peter Dale Scott

Some of the loose threads of the Watergate case lead back to that great mass of loose threads: the Warren Commission Report. Scott connects Lee Harvey Oswald and Jack Ruby to the overlapping networks of intelligence, counterrevolution and organized crime which ten years after the Dallas assassination coughed up the Watergate crew.

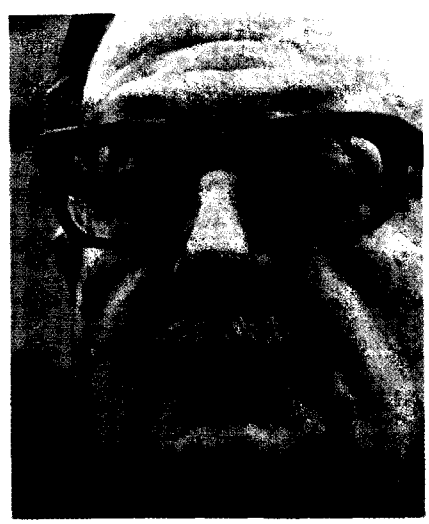
32 The New International Power Game
by Terence McCarthy



The U.S. supplying Russian troops in eastern Europe? That is one effect of the U.S.-Soviet grain deal. It heralds a rearrangement of the world into five independent superpowers—China, the U.S., the Soviet Union, Japan, and Western Europe—each capable of combining with, confronting, or even destroying the others as its interests dictate. Economist McCarthy analyzes the causes and possible effects of this epochal development.

21 Ballots into Bullets: Epitaph for a Peaceful Revolution
by Betty and James F. Petras

The bloody coup in Chile ended a unique chapter in the history of modern revolution. The Petrases, who returned from Chile only a few weeks before the coup, witnessed Allende's attempts to negotiate a peaceful road to socialism, the intense class conflict that blocked him, and the efforts of the U.S. to bring him down.



25 Salvador Allende: A Personal Remembrance
by Jose Yglesias

29 The Women's Self-Help Movement:
by Elizabeth Fishel

In the past two years, the women's health movement has become a nationwide phenomenon. But the original excitement of discovering how women can examine and care for themselves has given way to doubts and divisions in the movement.

37 Life After Death: The Sons of Julius and Ethel Rosenberg
by Jonah Raskin

For 20 years after the execution of the Rosenbergs as "atom spies," their two sons carefully hid their identities. In their first published interview, Michael and Robby Meeropol (Rosenberg) discuss their own personal and political lives, the memories of their parents and the ordeal they all experienced.

42 Handbook for the Virgin Voter
by Edward Eliscu with art by Edward Sorel

45 Janis Joplin: Lady Sings Dem Kozmic Blues
by Andrew Kopkind

Janis Joplin—dropout, doper, hooker, rockstar, sex freak, super hip—has become a "metaphor" for her generation and her times. Two books, by women who knew Janis well, both fail to capture this woman's interaction with the consciousness of the '60s.

48 The Almanac
by Derek Shearer

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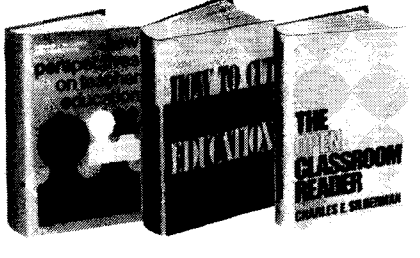

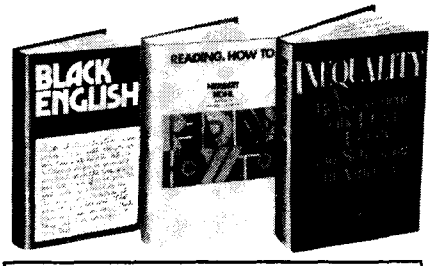

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Ramparts

Vol. 12, No. 4 November 1973

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Letters

[THE REAL NIXON . . .]

Editors / Mr. Nixon bounced back from a recent hospitalization with a pep talk to White House aides, asserting that he would proceed with the job he had been elected to do and leave the wallowing in Watergate to others.

His remarks were not a gratuitous gesture of defiance, but without doubt reflected his assessment of public opinion. The President must have been greatly reassured by the latest poll which indicated that only 18% of the people wanted him removed from office. An additional finding was that 71% of the public thought him to be involved in the Watergate affair; taken together, these results indicate that more than half of the people believe Mr. Nixon to be a party to criminal activities, but still want him as President.

Knowing this public attitude will simplify Mr. Nixon's life considerably. In future, when he addresses the American people, he will no longer need to travel the semantic high road on which he never seemed at ease anyhow; he can simply walk up to a TV camera, wink at his audience and make a suggestion. Accordingly, some fans might start beating up demonstrators or organize a little pogrom in a black ghetto, banks may start robbing their depositors, landlords loot their tenants and grocers their customers, etc. There is no longer any need to talk about "Law and Order," "National Security" or "Honor" to arouse the faithful by means of code words.

Now that the cards are on the table, we all know that the President and his supporters understand each other.

Jonathan Quick
Berkeley, Calif.

Editors / Withholding evidence is a criminal offense, in the United States, and President Nixon is withholding evidence, under the label of executive privilege. The tapes produced by President Nixon's surreptitious practice of recording everything said in his office. The reason Mr. Nixon is holding these tapes is he knows there is evidence that was produced from his own words.

Presidential power has gone too far, when a President of the United States will not let Secret Service officers testify about his bugging system. The Secret Service is paid by all Americans, in sums appropriated by Congress to perform a public function. Their oath is to preserve the Constitution, not the President alone.

Conspiratorial involvement is a serious crime, a criminal charge for the poor, but it doesn't seem to apply to the rich. Why? If Mr. Nixon was a poor man he would, like me, have a prison number by now. There are men in prison doing long time for a less serious crime than what Mr. Nixon and his thugs are accused of.

B. Ellis Robinson
Leavenworth, Kansas

[TWO WOMEN]

Editors / The fictional story included in your October issue does not belong in a magazine which rightfully prides itself on telling the truth about politics. *Ramparts* has always maintained a social conscience for people deprived—materially and spiritually—of the means to be themselves and do something about their ideals.

For this reason, space in *Ramparts* is precious. It is unworthy of you and your "wildest dreams of muckraking" to indulge in the self-indulgence of fiction. "Two Women," the story in question, goes even further to substantiate this. It is pitifully inept—limping along as it does without purpose or meaning. The lackluster, dead-end characters say and do nothing to sustain interest on the part of the reader. Rather one feels bored, wincing at the inadequacies of style and characterization . . . in addition to the woe-be-gone groping for an ending. If this were not enough, "Two Women" is riddled with crudeness and vulgarity—all too often dredged up in the hope of reality.

Please in the future let us have the truth about "the human condition" substantiated with facts—a story requiring investigative reporting. This would expose evil and allow your faithful following to participate vicariously in the attempt at doing what is right.

Jane Nielsen
Cincinnati, Ohio

[FARM WORKERS]

Editors / Please find enclosed a few photos which I took while a guest photographer for the AFL-CIO in Lamont on August 7.

While covering a supposedly peaceful demonstration at Guimarra Vineyards near Lamont, California, I happened across the following scene:

Six children had been conversing with a few Guimarra employees, when security guards moved the employees further into the field. Not thinking of the circumstances, the children ran into the field to continue their discussion. Police and guards gave chase. The kids were apprehended, beat to the ground, then pushed or dragged across the street. During the pursuit Marcelina Melendez was struck several times by officers, causing severe lacerations on the scalp and side of the jaw.

Picket captains decided to move the crowd up the railroad tracks in an effort to break the tension and avert further bloodshed. It was then that police formed a

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Police handcuffing Marcelina Melendez 8-7-73 Gr

phalanx shaped like a box. They told the AFL-CIO organizer to take the UFW people off the tracks. The organizer argued that it was public, and not Guimarra Vineyard property. He said that when railroad officials came and asked him to leave that he would do so gladly. The deputy sheriff gave him one minute to clear the tracks. Then without warning the police attacked, seemingly concentrating their ferocity on old women, young girls, or those already overcome by mace.

During the course of the hour and a half I was there (as a photographer and known to the sheriffs as that) I was myself maced at least six times while taking pictures of this carnage.

It is my hope that you will print these pictures along with this letter, just as a reminder to those who think, as confessedly I did, that things are getting better.

Gregory P. Mengell
San Francisco, Cal.

[MEAT OR NOT?]

Editors / Thanks to a recent issue of *Ramparts* I now realize the immorality of eating and encouraging the eating of meat, i.e. if murder is immoral, and I take it that depriving people of food and causing them to starve to death is murder. Of course, deprivation that only produces misery and suffering is immoral also. Just the same, as "Vegetarian Manifesto" pointed out, the steak (or at least meat) religion is hard to conquer. I am discovering that, too. But, backed up with the information you imparted, my arguments will hopefully penetrate my friends' mental barriers to vegetarianism.

Lloyd A. Kinder
Golden Eagle, Ill.

Editors / In response to the letter from J. Arlene Johnston of Pittsburgh in your August/September issue, concerning drugs and meat, there is at least one very effective means of protest. Buy undrugged, naturally fed, meat. Organically raised beef, pork, chicken and goose are available in most areas of the country. Your local health food store can usually tell you of sources, and the *Organic Gardening and Farming* magazine carries addresses of organic marketing associations and of some organic farmers. Check it at your local library or write them at 33 East Minor Street, Emmaus, Pennsylvania, 18049, and ask them for addresses. They

By KEN KESEY

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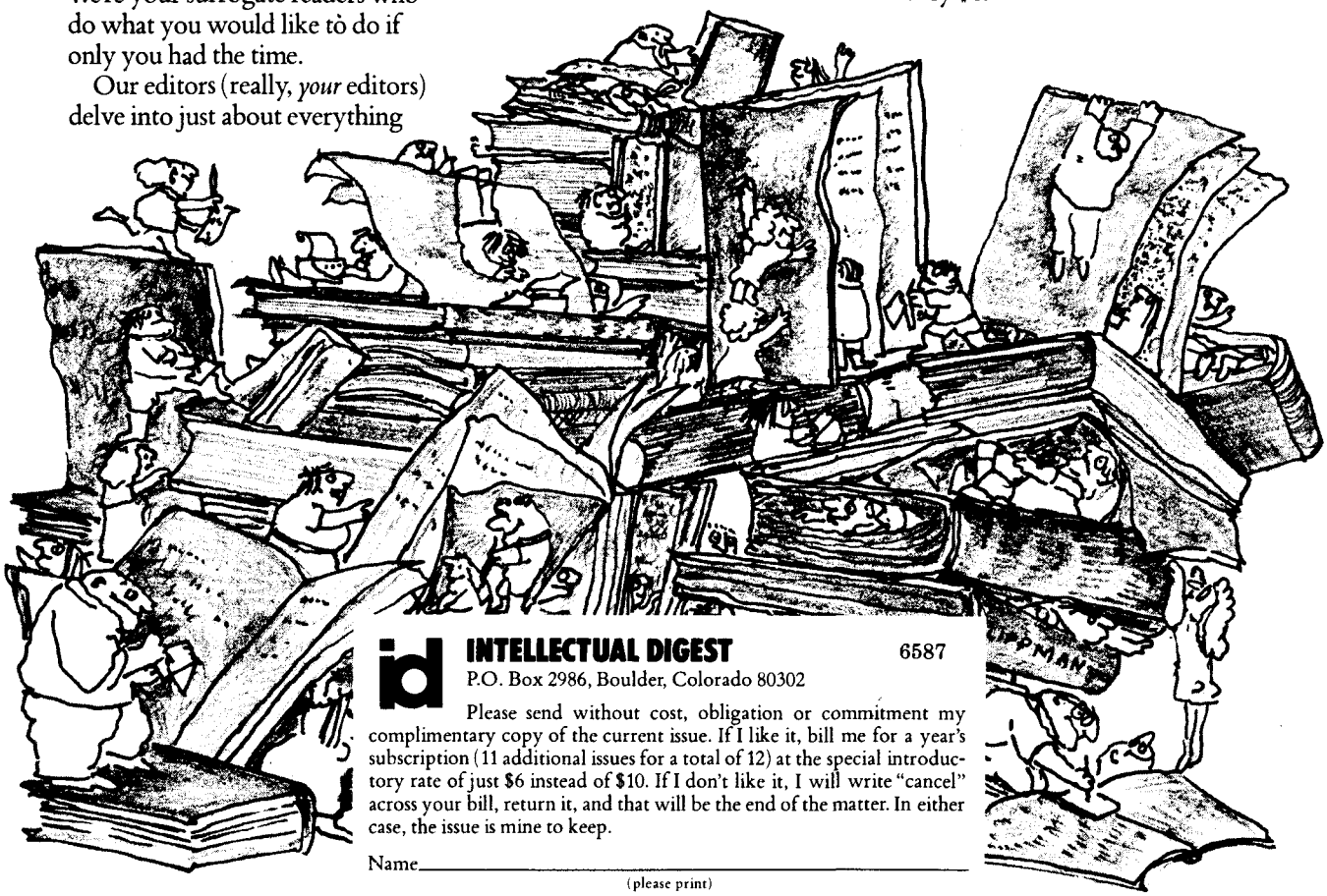

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PABLO
NERUDA
1904-1973

The Chilean poet Pablo Neruda, winner of the 1971 Nobel Prize for literature and a close personal friend of Salvador Allende, died on the 24th of September. He died in a Santiago hospital where he was reportedly held under house arrest. This poem, written in the weeks before the coup, and translated by John Felstiner of Stanford University, is one of his last works.

The Satraps

Nixon, Frei, and Pinochet
up to this day this bitter
month of September 1973,
with Bordaberry, Garrastazú, and Banzer,
hyenas ravening
our history, rodents gnawing
at flags that were raised
with so much blood and fire,
hellish predators
wallowing in haciendas,
satraps bribed a thousand times over
and sellouts, scared
by the wolves of Wall Street,
machines starving for pain,
stained by the sacrifice
of a martyred people,
prostitute merchants
of bread and American air,
deadly seneschals, a herd
of whorish bosses
with no other law but torture
and the lashing hunger of the people.

(the Rodale Press, publishers of *OGF*) also publish a *Guide to Organic Foods Shopping* that lists sources of organic meat. Organically raised meat is usually defined as freely ranging and grazing, fed organically raised feed, given no fattening hormones, and given no more antibiotic drugs than are absolutely necessary; but you could find out more about this definition from the people at *OGF* and from each producer.

Craig K. Harris
Ann Arbor, Huron

[DISEASES OF CAPITALISM]

Editors / Are you being so careful in your editorial policies that you never advocate scrapping capitalism in order to right the many wrongs pervasive in this society? If one goes to the root of the problems in this society, the nature of which problems you so admirably expose (Chavez, Watergate, wiretapping, etc. etc.), it seems to me you must inevitably touch upon *causes* which bring about the *effects* of which you treat if you are to be termed a legitimately radical magazine!

Compare the diseases of capitalism with malaria: Why spend all your time and space illustrating what's bad about chills, fever, etc., then suggesting sprays, hot baths, etc. as cures; rather than zeroing in on the swamp which breeds the individuals (mosquitoes) which carry the disease(s) in the first place?

Paul F. Landwehr
San Francisco, Calif.

[WHAT ARE YOU THINKING?]

Editors / I missed your "First Word" column in my October issue. Don't delete it, please. I like to know what you are thinking about.

Also, as to the on-going debate about the quality of the magazine, I think you are improving with each issue; I like the new diversification. But once and a while an article slips in, like the one about Charlie Chan (March, 1973), that seems to have no point or coherence.

J. G. Gately
Hillsdale, N.Y.

[CLASSIFIED ADS]

Editors / I am writing you concerning your classified ads. I am writing you rather than the business manager directly because I think this is a matter of magazine policy. I'm sure you don't want to rip off people, and especially needy people, in your ads. Still you publish ads that are extremely suspect. Have you investigated any of them?

The least you can do is publish across the top of your classified ad page a warning: WE HAVE NOT INVESTIGATED ANY of THESE ADS. IN MOST CASES, WE ACCEPT ADS ON PAYMENT OF THE PRICE, AND THE READER ANSWERS ANY OF THEM AT HIS/HER OWN RISK.

You might try answering some of your own ads as if you were a guileless reader, using an individual's name and address, not *Ramparts'* known editors or address. I think

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you might be ashamed of some of the material you are publishing when you get the full details.

Esther Landau
Ventner City, N.Y.

[A LITTLE ENCOURAGEMENT]

Editors / Just a word of thanks for publishing an issue (August-Sept.) which contained so much interesting reading. It was like reading *Ramparts* of four and five years ago, the type of reading which put *Ramparts* at the forefront of radical and progressive thought.

A splendid return to past standards of journalistic excellence.

Even Andrew Kopkind made sense this time!

Joel Hahn
Los Angeles, Calif.

Editors / I'd like to commend you on the August/September issue. The types of material included in that issue characterizes the kind of journalism I have looked for in *Ramparts* over the years. I find this much more worthy of your image than some of the "pop culture" articles which you have at times featured.

Jim Thiltgen
Knoxville, Tenn.

Editors / I have been reading *Ramparts* for over two years. During these two years some of the articles have been weak and not well researched, but most of your articles have been well founded and brilliantly written. In my opinion, however, none of your issues have been so powerful and direct as the August-September issue.

You have finally put together and made sense out of the catastrophes that are with us today. Famine, fuel shortage, pollution and overpopulation will cause problems and misery unimaginable by the most extreme pessimist. Along with these problems the need for a religious revival will flourish through the country and scapegoats will be needed to feed its flame.

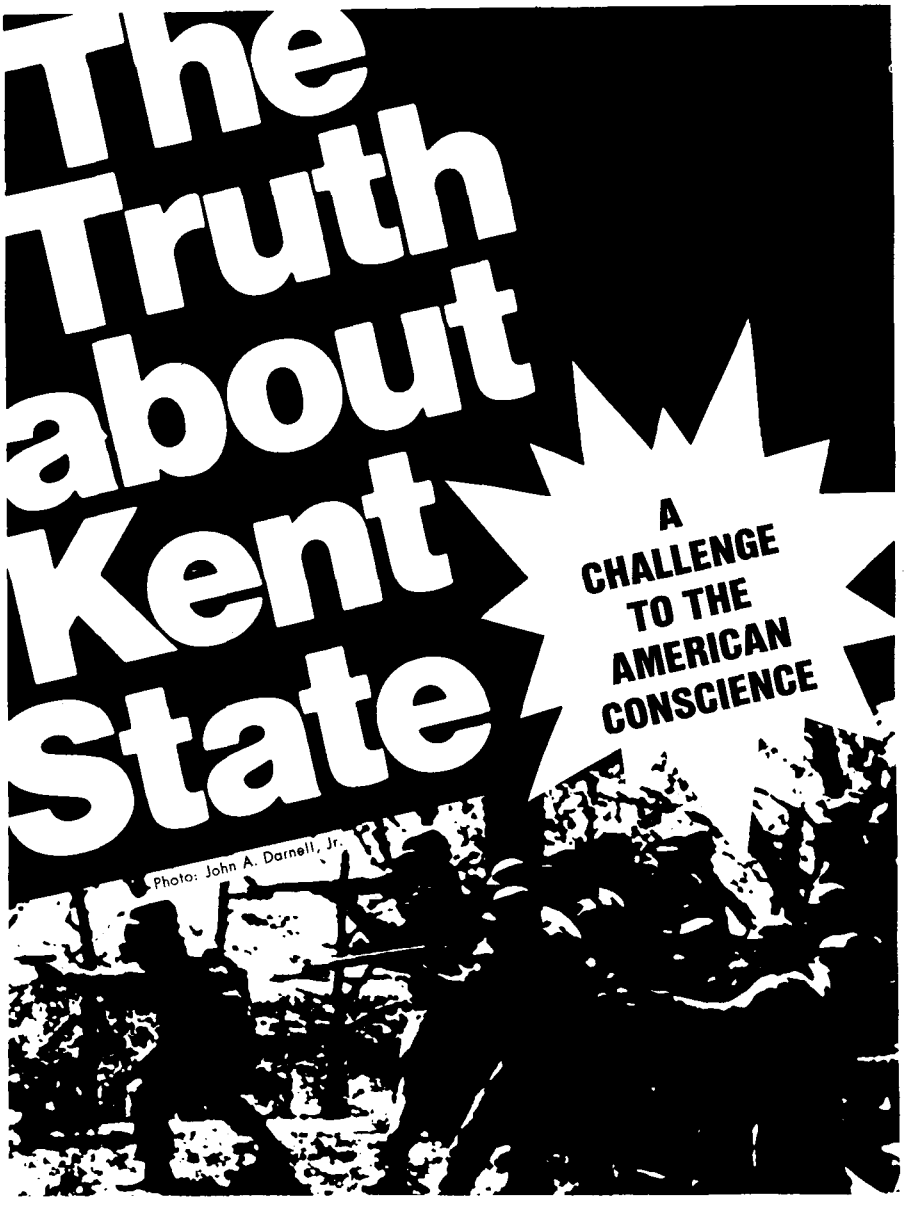
If awards are given out for defending justice, due process and freedom of speech you people deserve these awards. Unfortunately, your only reward will be a firing squad.

Brian Passe
Winona, Minnesota

[RAMPARTS MAFIA]

Editors / It is a great disappointment to find that you clutch national stereotypes. I always thought and found that a person's outlook was more often affected by culture rather than inheritance. So, before you print another statement confirming your belief that Watergate was partly created by his "German mafia," consider that *Ramparts* may actually be a reactionary front with such people as Herrn Kaldenbach, Landau, Bodner; or do Herrn Eisner, Sheinbaum, Kanter, or Obst (oops?) on the staff have something to do with it.

Marcia Andrews
Portland, Oregon ■



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From Dallas to Watergate:

The Longest Cover-Up

The discovery of the Watergate break-in on June 17, 1972, has led slowly but irreversibly to wider revelations about the government's use of crime, past and present. At first glance, it might seem the burglars' long record of covert activities would have made such revelations inevitable. Most of those arrested in the Democratic National Committee offices had been employed by the CIA in anti-Castro activities, and one of them—Eugenio Martinez—was still on a CIA retainer. Another, Frank Sturgis *alias* Fiorini, had defied President Kennedy's ban on U.S.-based raids against Cuba, and continued them with the support of former Havana casino operators with strong links to organized crime. His activities immediately before and after the Kennedy assassination had made Sturgis suspicious in the eyes of some private assassination buffs, long before Watergate made him a public figure.

E. Howard Hunt, the man chosen by Nixon's re-election team to master-mind the Watergate break-in, had served as political officer in the CIA's Bay of Pigs operation, which Richard Nixon had almost single-handedly pressed on the Eisenhower Administration, and for which Nixon was the White House Action Officer. In connection with the Bay of Pigs, Hunt had proposed the assassination of Castro to his CIA superiors, and, according to some sources, continued to propose similar assassination projects, the latest of these against the President of Panama in 1971.

Yet the Watergate cover-up almost succeeded—not despite the exotic records of the defendants, but precisely because of them. Complicity in their past crimes, such as the burglary against Dan Ellsberg's psychiatrist—and who knows what others—left the Nixon Administration with little alternative but to obstruct justice in the case of the Watergate Seven. By 1972 the chain leading from crime to cover-up to new crime was becoming a major preoccupation at the White House. But the establishment consensus necessary for a successful cover-up had been so eroded during the past ten years that the cold warriors could no longer keep their conspiracies secure.

In my opinion it is no coincidence that the key figures in Watergate—Liddy, Hunt, Sturgis, Krogh, Caulfield—had been drawn from the conspiratorial world of government narcotics enforcement, a shady realm in which the operations of organized crime, counterrevolution, and government intelligence have traditionally overlapped. Nor is it a coincidence that one of these men—Watergate burglar Frank Sturgis—played a minor role in the cover-up of the Dallas assassination ten years ago. On the contrary, I believe that a full exposure of the Watergate conspiracy will help us to understand what happened in Dallas, and also to understand the covert forces which later mired America in a criminal war in Southeast Asia. Conversely, an analysis of the cover-up in Dallas will do much to illuminate Watergate and its ramifications, including that Miami demi-monde of exiles, Teamster investments, and Syndicate real estate deals with which Nixon and his friend Bebe Rebozo have been involved.

I hope to show that what makes this Miami connection so dangerous, and what links the scandal of Watergate to the assassination in Dallas, is the increasingly ominous symbiosis between U.S. intelligence networks and the forces of organized crime.

Peter Dale Scott is author of The War Conspiracy *(Bobbs-Merrill, 1972). His essay on the Kennedy assassination and the Vietnam escalation was included in volume five of the Gravel edition of the Pentagon Papers (Beacon Press, 1972).*

by Peter Dale Scott

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The experience of the Ervin Committee suggests a new approach to the Kennedy assassination: to focus on the cover-up rather than on the crime itself. Although many vital records of the Watergate break-in were successfully destroyed, the cover-up actions themselves became new evidence of an on-going conspiracy. Thus the Ervin Committee has learned more about the mechanics of the cover-up than of the original break-in. In Dallas, too, the actual circumstances of the three shootings—of Kennedy, Oswald and Officer Tippit—have been largely obliterated. But if we focus only on the ensuing Dallas cover-up, the evidence of conspiracy, and the identity of some of the principals, are unmistakable—as is the central presence of criminal and intelligence networks also evident in the politics of Watergate and Vietnam.

The Watergate investigations revealed that many men in government will conspire against the law when two justifications are offered—whether or not these justifications are credible or are actually believed. The first is the possibility of a national security threat (as when Ellsberg's revelation of the Pentagon Papers was alleged to have threatened current truce negotiations, or to have involved a leak to the Soviet Embassy). The second is the alleged involvement of a governmental intelligence network or operation (as when on May 22, Nixon justified his participation in the cover-up by explaining that he had believed, erroneously, that the CIA was implicated).

The second justification flows from the first. E. Howard Hunt was no fool when he used a CIA Minox camera to photograph G. Gordon Liddy in front of the office building of Ellsberg's psychiatrist. Although the photograph was irrelevant to the ensuing burglary, by implying CIA involvement it insured that Hunt and Liddy would be protected by an Administration cover-up—and that, if the cover-up ever collapsed, it could be credited to national security instead of political expediency. By the same logic it was not oversight, but foresight, that Bernard Barker had CIA-veteran Hunt's name and White House phone number in his notebook at the time of the break-in (*New York Times,* June 24, 1972, p. 24), and that Frank Sturgis was allegedly "carrying a false passport prepared by the CIA at Hunt's request" (*NYT,* January 14, 1973, p. 38).

In Dallas, allegations both of a security threat and an intelligence involvement were available to justify federal intervention into the investigation, and thus also to justify a massive *ex post facto* cover-up. Following the assassination, a large number of rumors linked Oswald (and sometimes Ruby) in a left-wing conspiracy extending to Castro's Cuba and possibly the Soviet Union. Some of these rumors seemed to be backed by evidence; one, interestingly enough, was "corroborated" by Frank Sturgis.

The Secret Service in Dallas intercepted a letter to Oswald, postmarked Havana, November 28, 1963, and signed by Pedro Charles. The letter indicated that "Oswald had been paid by Charles to carry out an unidentified mission which involved accurate shooting" (CE 2763, 26 H 148).* Meanwhile the FBI possessed a letter from Havana to Robert Kennedy, "written by one Mario del Rosario Molina [which] alleged that Lee Harvey Oswald assassinated President Kennedy at the direction of Pedro Charles, a Cuban agent. . . . According to the writer, Oswald met with Charles in Miami, Florida, several months ago [i.e. in early 1963] and was paid $7,000 by Charles" (26 H 148).

By now this story seems absurd: the elaborate FBI chronology of Oswald's movements gave no indication that he ever visited Miami. But at the time the letters arrived, a reporter in the Miami area named James Buchanan was publishing stories (attributed to Frank Sturgis alias Fiorini) that Oswald *had* been in Miami and also had been in contact with Cuban intelligence (CD 59.2-3, CD 395.2; cf. CD 1020).* Later reports from James Buchanan's brother Jerry placed Oswald in Miami in March 1963 (CD 1020.7). These concatenating pieces of misinformation from Miami and Havana suggest, in retrospect, a conspiracy to mislead.

The stories today are much less important than Buchanan's sources for them, all of whom came from two Miami-based anti-Castro groups. The first group (CD 49.26), the DRE (Student Revolutionary Directorate), was Cuban, and the CIA used it to infiltrate Cuba in connection with the Bay of Pigs; the DRE was named in Oswald's notebook (16 H 67), since Oswald had been in contact with them in New Orleans (R 728), and perhaps in Dallas (CD 205.646). The second, American, group—which included both James Buchanan and his brother Jerry—was the International Anti-Communist Brigade. It was a small band of mercenaries headed by a named source of Buchanan's articles—Frank Sturgis alias Fiorini, the future burglar of Watergate.

Sturgis, like the DRE, had been employed by the CIA in connection with the Bay of Pigs invasion. But after the Cuban Missile Crisis of 1962, Kennedy had begun to crack down on anti-Castro raids launched from the continental United States. Jerry Buchanan had been arrested by the British in the Bahamas in April 1963, on board a boat formerly used in CIA missions, and now being used (with presidential authorization) for an intended raid against a Soviet tanker (*NYT,* April 2, 1963, pp. 1, 9; April 3, 1963, p. 3). In September, the Federal Government had issued "strong warnings" to six Americans for their anti-Castro activities, including Frank Fiorini (Sturgis) and Alexander Rorke, the owner of Jerry Buchanan's boat (*NYT*, Sept. 16, 1963, p. 39). As for James Buchanan, the Brigade's secretary and propaganda director, Sturgis allegedly broke with him in December 1963 because of his "excessive" attacks on the FBI and the CIA, "even going so far as to describe former President John F. Kennedy as a communist" (CD 1020.6).

Similar anti-Kennedy sentiments were allegedly expressed by Carlos Bringuier, Oswald's contact with the DRE in New Orleans, and a right-winger who later headed up the Cuban-Americans for Nixon-Agnew. Another witness told the Warren Commission

*** Citations to the Warren Commission's 26 volumes of Hearings (H) and one-volume Report (R) follow the Commission's format: in this instance, to Commission Exhibit 2763, *Hearings,* Vol. 26, p. 148.**

*** Citations from the Warren Commission's unpublished documents, available in the U.S. National Archives, Washington, will follow this format: in this instance, Commission Documents 59, pp. 2-3, 395, p. 2; cf. Commission Document 1020.**

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that Bringuier, because "the United States didn't help to overthrow Castro . . . hates the United States almost as much as he hates Russia" (11 H 353). Because these sentiments were so widely held among Cuban exiles, many students of the Dallas assassination have theorized that a group of anti-Castro terrorists (Cuban and/or American) may have killed Kennedy in revenge for having been abandoned by the CIA in 1963.

[MURDER, INCORPORATED]

According to an article in the July 1973 issue of *The Atlantic*, former President Lyndon Johnson also had doubts about the findings of the Warren Commission despite his public support of its "lone assassin" hypothesis. Interviewed not long before his death, Johnson

expressed his belief that the assassination in Dallas had been part of a conspiracy. . . . Johnson said that when he had taken office *he found that "we had been operating a damned Murder Inc. in the Caribbean." A year or so before Kennedy's death a CIA-backed assassination team had been picked up in Havana. Johnson speculated that Dallas had been a retaliation for this thwarted attempt (p. 39).*

Johnson's recollection is corroborated by E. Howard Hunt in his soon-to-be-

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published memoir on the Bay of Pigs. Hunt admits to having personally proposed an attempt to assassinate Castro. And although he claims that nothing came of his proposal, this is not true. The CIA's assassins nearly succeeded, but were caught and executed in Havana on the day of the Bay of Pigs invasion.

Another detail suppressed by Hunt is that the CIA's assassination plan involved giving the legal green light (and other aid) to a Cuban conspiracy against Castro sponsored by Las Vegas mobster Johnny Roselli and his organized crime allies in gambling—who wanted back their old Havana casinos. A detailed account of the assassination attempt by Andrew St. George—himself a one-time U.S. intelligence agent—suppresses the Mafia angle but confirms that this attempt was but one of a series, in which a prominent role was played by Frank Sturgis' co-conspirator, Alexander Rorke (*Parade,* April 12, 1964, p. 4). In fact Rorke, according to St. George, died in an assassination attempt when his plane crashed in the Caribbean in September 1963 (cf. CD 1020.29). Rorke's 1963 attorney, Hans Tanner, had already published an account of his own assassination attempt in July 1961. His book gave several informed details about the International Anti-Communist Brigade of Frank Sturgis, which he considered to be "financed by dispossessed hotel and gambling room owners who operated under Batista" (Hans Tanner, *Counter-Revolutionary Agent,* G. T. Foulis, 1972, p. 127).

Hunt is said by an authoritative source to have been the CIA's contact for an assassination conspiracy against Castro in 1966, involving Rolando Cubela Secades, who confessed after being captured in Havana. Cubela, a former military leader of the DRE in Batista days, admitted that he had planned, with help from the CIA and Bay of Pigs leader Manuel Artime, "to shoot Premier Castro with a high-powered telescopic rifle and later share in top posts of a counter-revolutionary regime with Mr. Artime" (*NYT,* March 6, 1966, p. 25). These facts help explain why Artime—for whose child Hunt is a godfather—organized a defense fund for the Watergate burglars, whom he has since continued to visit regularly in prison (*NYT,* July 9, 1973, p. 25, cf. June 19, 1972, p. 20). The same facts may also help us to understand what was being covered up in Dallas.

Bernard Barker testified that he carried out two burglaries for Hunt in the expectation that this would eventually help to depose Castro. He also claimed that up to ten minutes before the Ellsberg break-in he knew only that he was working on a case involving espionage by a Soviet embassy. Such exploitation of anti-Castro militants had long ago been offered as an hypothesis for the Dallas assassination. According to this theory, evidence involving Oswald in a left-wing conspiracy had in fact been planted by militant anti-Communists, to make a case for a retaliatory U.S. invasion of Cuba. This would, for example, explain the oddly self-incriminating letter from "Pedro Charles," which the FBI quickly exposed as fraudulent, having been written on the same typewriter as the second warning letter from Havana (26 H 148).

According to a more sophisticated version of this hypothesis (involving a "two-tier conspiracy"), the clumsy fraud was *meant* to be exposed. Having first served as a pretext to engage the services of anti-Castro Cubans, its ultimate intention was to justify not an invasion but a massive federal de-bunking of all traces of conspiracy—the false and also the true.

We know at any rate that the direct result of such stories was to justify the creation of the Warren Commission. As Lyndon Johnson wrote in his memoirs, *The Vantage Point*:

> *We were aware of stories that Castro . . . only lately accusing us of sending CIA agents into the country to assassinate him, was the perpetrator of the Oswald assassination plot. These rumors were another compelling reason that a thorough study had to be made of the Dallas tragedy at once. Out of the nation's suspicions, out of the nation's need for facts, the Warren Commission was born (p. 26).*

[THE OSWALD NEXUS]

As the Commission's investigative arm, the FBI, with little other legal authorization, proceeded to expose Buchanan's stories of conspiracy, and others like them. For demonstrating that Oswald was not a Castro agent, but "acted alone," the FBI and the Warren Commission drew applause not only from liberals but even from left-wing critics such as I. F. Stone. Yet in their efforts to establish the "lone assassin" hypotheses for Oswald and Ruby, both the FBI and the Warren Commission were guilty of covering up much evidence to the contrary.

A seemingly minor but significant example is the cover-up of Oswald's relationship (still unclear) to the FBI. On January 24, 1964, the Warren Commission first heard from Dallas District Attorney Henry Wade and Texas Attorney General Waggoner Carr of a rumor that Oswald had been an FBI informant since September 1962. Wade's evidence included hearsay that the name, phone and license-plate number of FBI agent Hosty (who was responsible for surveillance of pro- and anti-Castro Cubans) were in Oswald's address book (just as Hunt's phone was in Barker's), and also that Oswald had a government voucher for $200 at the time of his arrest (5 H 242). The first piece of hearsay turned out to be true (16 H 64), but the Commission did not learn this easily: the FBI had supplied it with an itemized list of names in Oswald's notebook, from which Hosty's had been omitted (5 H 112).

You will look in vain for any of this information in the Warren Report. Instead, the Commission concluded from the sworn testimony of two CIA and five FBI officials, "corroborated by the Commission's independent review of the Bureau files," that "there was absolutely no type of informant or undercover relationship between an agency of the U.S. Government and Lee Harvey Oswald" (R 327). In fact, Chief Justice Warren declined on security grounds to inspect the FBI file on Oswald noting that others "would also demand . . . to see it, and if it is security matters we can't let them see it" (5 H 13). According to the Commission lawyer in charge of this matter, no "independent review" was ever made of the file (Edward Epstein, *Inquest,* New York, Viking, 1969, p. 38).

In any case, the question of

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Oswald's FBI links is only one part of the puzzle. There is considerably more evidence to indicate Oswald's involvement with U.S. intelligence—evidence that is obscured rather than laid to rest by the Commission Report.

Let us look at a few of the instances in which this "intelligence angle" was covered up. Oswald's mother, trying vainly to convince the Commission her son was "an agent of the government" (1 H 142, cf. 1 H 191), cited his "special work" in the Philippines (apparently in connection with the CIA military intervention in Indonesia) and in the Taiwan crisis (1 H 233, cf. 22 H 723). The Warren Report, without directly refuting this last claim, implied that Oswald had only been in Taiwan for a day or so around September 30, 1958 (R 684); it relied on Oswald's personnel file, and a related Pentagon memo, which placed Oswald's Marine Air Group 11 in Atsugi, Japan (23 H 796, cf. 19 H 658). In reality, MAG-11 had moved from Atsugi to Taiwan, in response to the Quemoy crisis, for an extended period beginning September 8 (Department of Defense Annual Report, 1958-59, pp. 228-29).

This change of status is noted in Oswald's pay records, which only reached the Commission nine days before its report went to press (26 H 709, 715). The pay records also show, in contradiction to the personnel file, that on returning to Atsugi (the base for CIA U-2 and covert commando operations in the Far East), Oswald left MAG-11 (now in Taiwan) and was attached to its replacement MAG-13 (26 H 715). That Oswald's personnel file could put him in one unit, while his pay records put him in another, suggests that Oswald, at least in 1958-59, was engaged in some kind of activity so sensitive that some of his records were altered to conceal it.

There are also discrepancies with regard to Oswald's "hardship discharge" from active duty in September 1959 to support his mother. The Warren Report cites affidavits that Mrs. Oswald "had been injured at work in December 1958, and was unable to support herself" (R 688). In fact, both Mrs. Oswald's regular doctor (CD 5.298) and an Industrial Accident Board denied that she had suffered a loss of wage-earning capacity. Nevertheless, Oswald received his release with an ease and rapidity that surprised some of his colleagues (8 H 257).

In Oswald's group at Santa Ana, Calif., where a "secret clearance ... was a minimum requirement" (8 H 298, cf. 232), the basic function was "to train both enlisted [men] and officers for later assignment overseas" (8 H 290). The swift handling of Oswald's release suggests that it was a cover: Oswald was being "sheep-dipped," just as U-2 pilot Gary Powers before him had been "released" from the Air Force for assignment to a covert intelligence role. Oswald's immediate application for a passport on September 4 "to attend the Albert Schweitzer College in Switzerland and the University of Turku in Finland" (22 H 78) suggests that that rôle concerned his "defection" in October to the Soviet Union.

Here, too, the Warren Commission chose to overlook discrepancies. How was the trip paid for? The Report blandly repeats Oswald's own story that he had saved $1,500 from his

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Marine Corps salary (R 256), ignoring the fact that his only known bank account contained a total of $203 (22 H 180). How did Oswald fly to Finland from London Airport, where his passport was stamped "Embarked 10 Oct. 1959" (18 H 162)? If he had taken the only commercial flight, he would have arrived too late to register before midnight (as claimed) at his Helsinki Hotel (26 H 32). The Report's solution was to conclude that Oswald had departed from London October 9, ignoring both the evidence of the conflicting date stamp and the possibility that his flight was not a commercial one at all (R 690, cf. Sylvia Meagher, *Accessories After the Fact*, New York, Bobbs-Merrill, 1967, p. 331).

The desire of U.S. intelligence agencies to interview even casual visitors to the Soviet Union is well known. In June 1962, Lee Harvey Oswald was a returning Marine defector who had once served at a CIA base and had told the U.S. Embassy in Moscow of his intention to pass information to Soviet officials (18 H 98). For two years he had worked in a sensitive Soviet factory and was now married to the niece of a colonel in Soviet intelligence. Yet the Report tells us that the returning Oswalds were met in New York City, not by the FBI or CIA, but by "Spas T. Raikin, a representative of the Traveler's Aid Society" (R 713).

The FBI interviews did not point out that Spas T. Raikin was also the Secretary-General of the American Friends of the Anti-Bolshevik Bloc of Nations, a small but vigorous group of right-wing revanchiste East Europeans in direct touch with the FBI and Army Intelligence—and also with the Gehlen spy organization in West Germany, the Kuomintang in Taiwan, the mother of Madame Nhu, right-wing Cubans like Oswald's DRE contact Carlos Bringuier, and other elements of a shadowy "World Anti-Communist League." This WACL had contacts with U.S. anti-communists in New Orleans, in the building with the Camp St. address used by Oswald on his pro-Castro literature, and also by the CIA's Cuban Revolutionary Council of which Bringuier had once been press secretary. As I have indicated in my book, *The War Conspiracy*, Mr. Raikin's personal correspondents in Taiwan (the Asian Peoples' Anti-Communist League) were intelligence agents involved in the Kuomintang's narcotics traffic—a fact dramatically illustrated by the 1971 arrest in Paris of the Chief Laotian Delegate to the APACL, whose suitcase containing 60 kilos of highgrade heroin would have been worth $13.5 million on the streets of New York.

Unfortunately, there has not been space to show the ways in which many if not most of the Commission's staff, like most of the FBI agents involved, did attempt an honest and thorough investigation. I have focused narrowly on some of the indications that there was a cover-up where security and intelligence matters were involved. And, as we have learned from the Watergate and "plumbers" break-ins, the cover-up of an intelligence matter can become a priority, thereby protecting perpetrators of crimes which have no intelligence justification.

[THE RUBY CONNECTION]

Jack Ruby, the second "lone assassin," was a more difficult subject for a cover-up; his personal and business ties with the police and underworld in Dallas were widely known, and there is evidence they extended considerably beyond Texas. Nevertheless, the Commission went to great lengths to argue that Ruby, like Oswald, "acted independently" (R 373), and in particular to downplay his close links to the Dallas police and also to organized crime. According to a brief and unconsciously humorous section of the Report, "the evidence indicates that Ruby was keenly interested in policemen and their work" (R 800). Nothing is said of the testimony of Detective Eberhardt, a veteran of the Special Services Bureau (SSB), "that he regarded Jack Ruby as a source of information in connection with his investigatory activities" (13 H 183)—i.e., as a police informant, specifically in the area of narcotics.

A word must be interpolated here about the SSB of the Dallas Police. Like similar "Special Units" in other police forces across the country (all of which work with one another), the Dallas SSB had a consolidated responsibility, in collaboration with the FBI and other agencies, for investigating subversive activities (allegedly the

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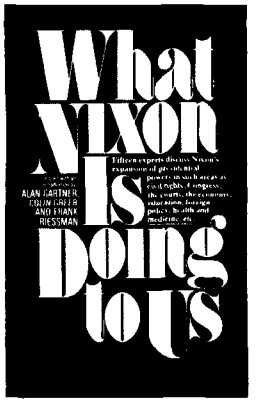

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Ramparts

TO OUR NEWSSTAND READERS:
We thought you might like to see this letter which we recently sent to Ramparts Readers.

Dear Subscriber,

Watergate is like a Freshman class in Hamlet: everybody has his own interpretation of the melancholy Dane's problem. But it must be said that this scandal, far from being the tragedy that commentators and editorialists moan over with dyspeptic regularity, is an enjoyment. For the first time in years, the newspapers are fun to read again; for the first time in years, we read them with a sense that there may be some cosmic justice after all.

But if Watergate is good theatre—which it assuredly is—it does have political drawbacks. Amidst the epigrams, courtroom drama, and television kleig lights, it is possible to lose sight of the larger picture. Where did Watergate begin? Was it the ITT affair, the Lavelle affair, or the Pentagon Papers? Or, for a real understanding of the current political drama, must we go back still further to the origins of the Cold War, the ambience that spawned Richard Nixon, and the cultural hysteria of the fifties?

[RIGHT—FROM THE START]

For our part, we must admit that Watergate does not strike us as something startling. We are not blasé about the disclosures, and we try not to be smug, but we feel that the revelations now racking American society are exactly what we have been about during our eleven years as a muckraking magazine. We have a sense of vindication now that the truth, however carefully circumscribed, is finally coming out. It is similar to the feelings we had when the exposé of the My Lai massacre was generally accepted, when Al McCoy's *Politics of Heroin in Southeast Asia* was published, when the Pentagon Papers were released, and finally when we learned of LBJ's posthumous disclosure that he never believed the conclusion of his own Warren Commission that Lee Harvey Oswald had acted alone. Most of you know whereof we speak; you must have shared that special sense of pleasure when Senator Ervin said on national TV that the White House plan to control domestic subversives was "Gestapo-like." And you no doubt smiled, as we did, over press accounts of Nixon's real estate deals in San Clemente—a story which RAMPARTS uncovered in its September 1972 issue.

Watergate, the Pentagon Papers and the other crises, affairs, cover-ups, capers, and incidents of the past four years have forced millions of Americans to examine the enfeebled condition of the body politic as never before. History may yet absolve all of us who warned like Cassandras over the past decade that the country was racked by a political contagion with which it was attempting to infect the rest of the world. Now the symptoms have become so obvious that no one can ignore it, although it remains to be seen whether the doctors will come up with the proper diagnosis, let alone adequate treatment.

[BEYOND WATERGATE]

But while the media can legitimately congratulate itself for pressing the Watergate issue, it has by no means exhausted its ramifications. There is, for example, the as yet untold story of the "Cuban connection"—the Miami netherworld of Cuban exiles which coughed up the Bay of Pigs invasion, the Watergate buggers, and an apparently endless supply of *agents provocateurs*. And the truth about Dallas has once again become enticing as it appears that one of the many roads emanating from Watergate could conceivably lead to the vicinity of the grassy knoll.

These are intriguing questions. Not long ago, they would have been written off as "paranoia"—the catch-all term used for critics unable to take America at its word. But Watergate has forced a redefinition of such categories: it may be that such political schizophrenia, as in R. D. Laing, is a truer view of the world than conventional sanity. Questions like these are important ones precisely because they go beyond the immediate issue of Nixon's guilt, where liberal theorists want to stop the investigation. They demand that we look at the pillars of American society—the labor unions, the national security establishment, business, indeed the press itself.

Quite frankly, we don't expect the *New York Times* to use its vast resources to track down the answers to these questions, and so we are using our own meager ones. Muckraking, however, is an expensive undertaking. It is tedious work, and it often requires the expenditure of enormous amounts of time, energy, and money to check out a single fact—and as often as not the effort will be fruitless.

We are reminded of a story which occupied the editors of RAMPARTS for several months back in 1966. It concerned a certain Joel Kaplan, heir to a massive fortune, a CIA operative, and jailed in Mexico on a charge of murder. (Former RAMPARTS editor Warren Hinckle tells the entire story in his book, *The 10 Second Jailbreak*.) Kaplan insisted that he had been framed, that his alleged victim was alive, married and living in the tropical jungles of El Salvador. In an attempt to check this critical fact, the magazine dispatched editor Peter Collier to Central America. He arrived by airplane in San Salvador, rented a jeep, and set out in search of a priest who, it was said, kept marriage records for the region and would be able to verify whether or not the dead man was in fact living in wedlock, holy or unholy as the case may be. After an arduous journey, Collier arrived in the village and found the priest, who looked through his papers and pulled out his marriage book. As Collier watched anxiously, he opened to the appropriate page—only to find that it had been torn out!

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[WHAT PRICE FACTS?]

If the muckraker can rarely go on such travels, it is common for investigative journalism to be costly and frustrating. The more profitable media enterprises can and do absorb the expense with ease, and we, in fact, often benefit from the research which other magazines or newspapers have financed. But there are other stories which the established media won't even explore, for one reason or another, and which are left either to RAMPARTS or to oblivion. If we had fat in our budget, we could trim it to the bone and use the savings to cover the expense. But we run the closest thing to a wasteless operation in the publishing world: no expense accounts, poverty-level salaries, cramped quarters, and a tiny staff. We survive on little money and much goodwill. However, goodwill won't pay a printing bill, a phone bill, or the price of a trip to Arizona or Ohio for an interview with an informant.

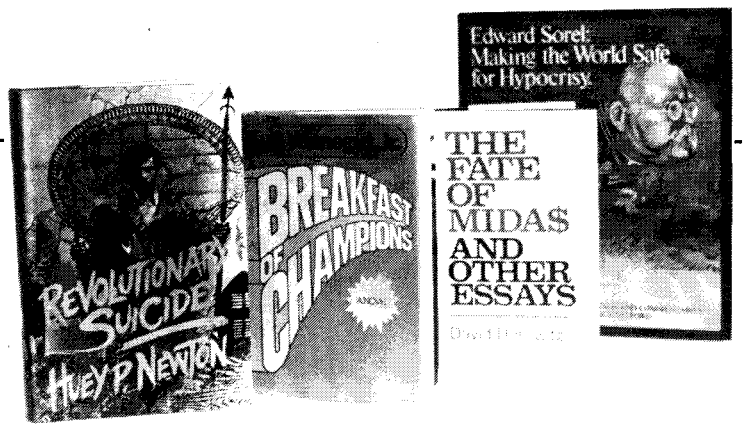
RAMPARTS has been credited with "reviving the great muckraking tradition," and it is vital that now, when "investigative journalism" has come into its own, the magazine carry on this tradition. It is equally vital that we carry on as the one mass-circulation monthly in America which is beholden to no vested interest, and which is free to analyze and report on contemporary affairs as we see them. The established media has done a commendable job of disclosing the Watergate cover-up, but in other areas it has allowed the emperor's nudity to pass without comment. Not six months ago, it was heralding Henry Kissinger and proclaiming the Paris accords as the long-sought "light at the end of the tunnel." Not five months ago, it served as the Nixon Administration's willing instrument in providing the POWs with a hero's welcome on their return from their terrible missions over Indochina. It has yet to probe the President's trade-off with Russia to obtain "peace" in Indochina.

RAMPARTS alone questioned the solidity of the ceasefire agreements and added a discordant note to celebration of the prisoners' exploits. We were alone, but we were here. In our July issue, you may have read about the rise and fall of Nick Charney's *Saturday Review* as recounted by former senior editor Jon Swan. That magazine ran through $17 million in 16 months, and in the end had nothing to show for it but the piles of typewriters and telephones which sat in the empty offices as the former staff members looked desperately about for jobs and return trips to the East Coast. With one percent of the *Saturday Review*'s largesse, we could have fulfilled our wildest dreams of muckraking, but even without it we can hold our own as America's only mass circulation radical monthly.

RAMPARTS has never had the benefit of such funding, and for some years we have relied on you, our subscribers, to provide us with our operating margin. Now we must ask you to dig deeper into your pockets—to enable us to continue and to undertake some of these ambitious investigative schemes. Make no mistake: the months and years ahead will be stormy ones, in which it will become ever more important that the independent, radical voice of RAMPARTS be heard. You can make sure that it is heard.

For the Editors,
BO BURLINGHAM

WE ARE ASKING our subscribers to help us out by renewing their subscriptions now—even if they are not due to expire. Others we simply urge to subscribe. If our needs alone don't move you, let us offer you a small bribe. We have acquired a supply of four new books by writers who are connected in one way or another with the magazine. We are willing to send you a different book for every year of Ramparts you are willing to buy at the normal subscription price. Thus, if you renew for two years, you can choose two free books.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world of Lee Harvey Oswald), and also organized crime (the world of Jack Ruby). It also had responsibility for the area of vice, and particularly for supervising night-clubs such as Jack Ruby's. Thus SSB Vice Chief Gilmore, a "close friend" of Ruby (23 H 78, 25 H 290), was said to visit his clubs "every night they are open" (23 H 207). SSB also had a Narcotics Unit. Last but not least, the SSB was given the responsibility of protective intelligence for the visits of important government officials—such as President Kennedy—who visited Dallas (5 H 48).

Ruby's status as a high-level police informant would explain the repeated stories, from sources inside and outside Dallas, "that Ruby is the payoff man for the Dallas Police Department" (CD 4.529) and "had the 'fix' with the county authorities" (23 H 372). One of these reports is particularly credible, inasmuch as it was received by the FBI seven years before the assassination. According to a Mrs. James Breen, who with her husband acted "as informants for the Federal Narcotics Bureau," her husband "had made connection with large narcotics setup operating between Mexico, Texas and the East.... In some fashion James got the okay to operate through Jack Ruby of Dallas" (23 H 369).

The Warren Report discounted the even more numerous stories (one of them from a former Dallas County Sheriff) that Ruby was linked to organized crime. Commission Exhibit 1268 (22 H 372) is a typical example of the FBI's and Commission's reluctance to explore more deeply Ruby's underworld connections. In it a Dave Yaras (unidentified) "claims 'Sparky' " [i.e. Ruby] "knew Lenny Patrick 'like he knows him' but was 'positively on his own and not outfit connected.' " Yaras further described "Sparky" as a " 'romeo' who was most successful in picking up girls." In the Report only the trivial part of this testimony remains: "one friend regarded him as a 'Romeo,' who was quite successful in attracting young women" (R 792).

We must turn to the Kefauver and McClellan Crime Hearings to learn (in answer to the obvious question not asked by the FBI) that the link between Yaras and Patrick (and hence, inferentially, Ruby) was intimate. Both men were top Syndicate gambling figures on Chicago's Jewish West Side. They had been arrested and indicted together for the syndicate murder in 1946 of wire service king James Ragen, an indictment dropped after the murder of a key witness. The police captain most active in the investigation was himself subsequently murdered, right after he reported to the Kefauver Committee (through his lawyer Luis Kutner) that he had a "hot new witness who will ... name Leonard Patrick, Dave Yaras, and Willie Block as the killers" (*Newsweek*, October 9, 1950, p. 37). In 1963 news stories that Luis Kutner had intervened for Ruby with the Kefauver Committee, also noted (correctly, it would appear), that Ruby was "linked" to Dave Yaras, Lennie Patrick and Willie Block" (*Washington Post*, November 26, 1963, A6).

Dave Yaras himself should have particularly interested the Warren Commission, since the McClellan Committee's counsel, Robert F. Kennedy, had charged him with the same connections later attributed to Ruby: corrupt Teamster interests, and "some gambling in Cuba" (McClellan Hearings, pp. 7416, 12522). Yet it asked no questions about Yaras and instead misspelled his name (as Yeres) when Ruby's sister began spontaneously to reminisce about him and Patrick (14 H 444).

This studied disinterest in Ruby's alleged Teamster connections appears to have been systematic. The Commission asked no questions about Ruby's two telephone calls in November 1963 with Barney Baker (25 H 244), a convicted Teamster hoodlum who phoned Dave Yaras on the eve of the assassination (25 H 295). Nor about Ruby's call to top Teamster bondsman Irwin Weiner (25 H 246)—an organized crime associate of narcotics overlord Sam Battaglia. When Ruby himself began to talk about his phone call to Dusty Miller, head of the Teamsters Southern Conference (25 H 244), this was transcribed in the Warren Hearings as a call to "Deutsch I. Maylor" (5 H 200).

It is of course quite possible that all these calls were innocent, but the Commission did not bother to find out. None of those called were witnesses, and their names will not be found in the Report. Instead the Report claims that Ruby's friendships with criminals "throughout his life ... were limited largely to professional gamblers," and adds, even more astonishingly, that "there is no credible evidence that Ruby, himself, gambled on other than a social basis" (R 370). The Commission had received numerous disinterested reports to the contrary (e.g. 23 H 48, 23 H 363, CD 360.115). One of these, from a south Texas businessman, recalled Ruby saying in 1960 that "he had recently been to Cuba, as he and some associates were trying to get some gambling concessions at a casino there but it did not work out" (22 H 858).

The Commission knew that Ruby in fact had visited Cuba in 1959, probably twice. Its Report mentions the eight-day August 1959 trip on one page (R 802), the two-day September trip (22 H 859) on another (R 370), and treats the two trips as one: "Ruby traveled to Havana as a guest of a close friend and known gambler, Lewis J. McWillie. Both Ruby and McWillie state the trip was purely social" (R 370). This covers up several facts which were known to the Commission: a 1959 police report called McWillie (whom Ruby "idolized," 5 H 201) a "gambler and murderer" (23 H 166); he was a former employee of big-time gambler Benny Binion, the power behind the Delois Green gang who was now in Las Vegas (23 H 163, CD 1193.249); in 1959 he was manager of the Tropicana Casino in Havana, a syndicate operation (23 H 166); both in Havana (The Capri) and in Las Vegas (The Thunderbird), McWillie worked at casinos where a cut went to top Syndicate financier Meyer Lansky.

Today this story of a Ruby involvement in Havana gambling has a renewed interest, for in 1959 Castro's supervisor of gambling concessions is said to have been Watergate burglar Frank Sturgis *alias* Fiorini, a gun-runner to Castro before the overthrow of Batista. The owner of the Havana Tropicana (where McWillie worked and Ruby visited) was Norman Rothman, a gun-runner to Castro who in 1959 was indicted on other charges with *mafioso* Samuel Mannarino

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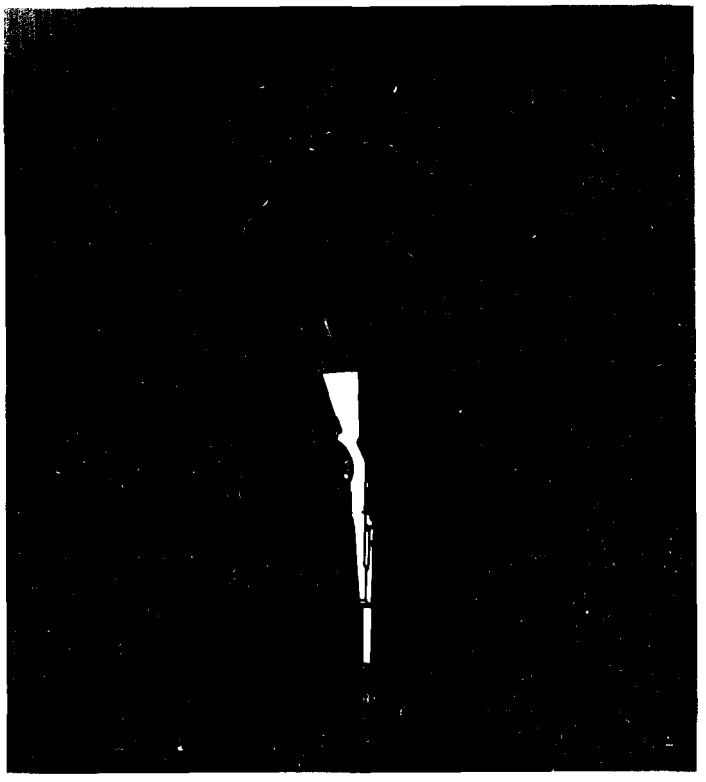

Ballots into Bullets:

Epitaph for a Peaceful Revolution

In many ways Chile in August 1973 resembled Spain, 1936: a popularly elected left socialist government resting on the support of the industrial proletariat and the rural poor; tension and uncertainty rippling through the ranks of the left intelligentsia—waiting, knowing, any day, any moment, to hear the news that the military garrisons had revolted against the regime and that they would have to respond quickly with arms; the desperation, hysteria and frustration of the shopkeepers, businessmen, and professionals, who were also waiting for the military to move, who everyday prayed for a *golpe* (coup) that would put the *rotos* back in their place, would end "this nightmare" and return Chile to its "rightful owners," *la gente decente.* And out of the slums, enticed by money from right-wing sources and probably the U.S. embassy, hundreds of lumpen were pouring down into the downtown center—the fascist street-fighters of Patria y Libertad who filled the streets with garbage and gunned down anti-fascist truck drivers, racing down the streets bringing desperately needed food to the workers' barrios. Would it be today, tomorrow? Who would start it and how would it end? The questions arose, hung in the air, and remained unanswered. Each day in the early morning dawn the militants dragged themselves back to bed after another night of preparedness, another night of "extreme alert" on orders issued from the Central Unica de los Trabajadores (CUT—National Workers Union).

On the morning of September 11, the top military chiefs decided to make their move. A junta was formed which demanded that Allende resign his elected post. The Navy commanders who had recently purged scores of constitutionalist sailors mutinied and seized control of Valparaiso, the port city of Santiago. At this signal, Air Force commanders sent planes to strafe and bomb the presidential palace into submission, while Army units captured the communications network, and Allende remained isolated in the palace where he was soon to die violently.

The military coup was not an isolated act but the culmination of right-wing violence that had raged in recent months. Nor were Allende's final attempts at compromise the first time he had made concessions to the military. For months right-wing terrorist groups had been in the streets—assassinating workers and destroying public facilities. Right-wing truck owners had been holding the Government hostage while shooting truck drivers trying to make deliveries. The Christian Democratic and National Party politicians joined in passing legislation to illegitimize the elected Government. Purges in the ranks of the armed forces and the forcible resignation of loyalist officers prepared the ground for the coup, and Allende accepted it all in the name of compromise, security and reconciliation. He sent his condolences to the widows of the murdered workers, told working-class housewives he sympathized with their problems but lacked the legal instruments to prevent the truck owners from starving the country.

Allende managed in the end to include all the notorious anti-Government military chiefs in his Cabinet—in the hope of preventing a coup. Six parties of the Government coalition condemned the commanders of the Navy for their hideous tortures of constitutionalist enlisted men; Allende disassociated himself from the denunciation, thereby cut-

(continued on page 26)

Betty and James F. Petras spent several weeks in Chile this summer. James is the author of Latin America: From Dependence to Revolution *(John Wiley, 1973).*

by Betty and James F. Petras

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1909-1973

SALVADOR ALLENDE:

A PERSONAL REMEMBRANCE

In 1968, an elevator operator at the Habana Libre first introduced me to Salvador Allende. I took a down elevator one morning, nodded to a shirt-sleeved passenger, and greeted the operator—whom I knew from three trips to Cuba. The operator said, "Yglesias, don't you know the Senator?" When I shook my head, he turned to his other passenger, and introduced us with no more self-consciousness than if we were old street-corner cronies of his. Indeed, between the tenth floor and the lobby, and on our way to the exit, we had the kind of relaxed chat that made me wonder if I had been talking to Allende, who was at the time President of Chile's Senate. Well, that's Havana, I told myself. It makes democrats of us all.

A year later, in Santiago, I called his office in the Senate Building, determined to get past all buffers to see him. I had no problem: he got on in a second and told me to come over at four. There were a lot of ordinary citizens in the small anteroom—all without appointments but sure they would get to see him. His own office was so tiny that more than one visitor would crowd it. On the walls were framed letters and drawings from Rafael Alberti, Paul Eluard, Picasso. He was pleased with my interest in them, but talked about these men as if they were no more magical than the elevator operator at the Habana Libre.

He was about to embark once more on a presidential election campaign as the candidate of the Unidad Popular, a coalition of all the left-wing parties, and my friends in Santiago were a bit weary of this. They did not believe he could win, but knew that once Allende got underway, they would all rally. His optimism persuaded everyone. Everyone but the young people who were partisans of MIR, el Movimiento de la Izquierda Revolucionaria, a clandestine movement which had launched an urban guerrilla struggle. They scoffed at a peaceful transition to socialism. "If they win," said one to me, "They had better be prepared for armed struggle."

He surprised them all. His victory was one that should have been appreciated by American politicians who believe in grass-roots electioneering. Recalling previous unsuccessful campaigns, Pablo Neruda told me that year, "Salvador is indefatigable. We'd all be exhausted, unable to sleep, driving from town to town to speak at meetings. But if Salvador saw three people in a field, he would stop the car, give them a speech, and get back in and drop off to sleep without an effort."

In 1969 the parties of the Left felt they had to define themselves in relation to the MIR. Communist leaders spoke bitterly about the MIR. "They are the spoiled darlings of the middle class," one said to me. Not Allende. His nephew was one of its leaders, and he was proud that the secret police was unable to track him down. "If I am elected," he said, "I expect these young people to join in the building of socialism." During his first year as President, they supported the work of the Unidad Popular, but by January of 1973, when I was last there, they were critical of his efforts to woo the middle classes and the armed forces. So were many others of the Left, particularly members of his own party, the Socialist Party, and of the Left Christian Democrats.

Allende himself was never attacked—possibly because he really believed that everyone could be won over. This was a deeply felt policy with him, not a political maneuver as it was with the Communists. The politically sophisticated joked about him. An unhappy Socialist said, "You've got to hand it to Salvador—there's not a rowboat left in the Navy that he has not climbed aboard. And he never appears at a meeting without some general with him." At the Gabriela Mistral Building, a cultural center established by the Unidad Popular, in a building donated by the United Nations, I heard, while waiting for a friend, applause from a second floor meeting room. I stepped in to have a look and there was Allende, addressing a conference of mothers who had organized to set up child-care centers. In his entourage sat a general, at polite attention, as Allende talked about socialism and women's rights. The general rested his cap on his knees, and kept his hands on either side of it while everyone else applauded the President.

Allende never lost support of the workers and peasants. They grumbled, especially the more class-conscious, but they united successfully last year to defend the Unidad Popular when the first counterrevolution was launched. At one of the rallies then, one showed up with a homemade sign that became very popular. It said: "This government is shit, but it is my Government."

In 1969, reminiscing about el Che, Allende said that the possession of which he was most proud was a copy of el Che's *Guerrilla Warfare* inscribed by him. In it, el Che wrote that he and Allende shared the same goals and that Allende would reach them by another path. I knew that he had saved the five survivors of el Che's Bolivian band who crossed over into Chile. He went personally to the frontier and escorted them to Cuba. "He did not leave them for a moment," I was told, "because if he had the CIA would have pounced on them. Those were tense days, and as President of the Senate, he was liable to much criticism, but he did not falter."

In Santiago this year, there were many South American revolutionaries escaped from the same kind of men who murdered Allende. He had created a haven for them in Chile. It is now time to create a haven for him in our hearts. The lessons of his death and the military coup are obvious: socialism has enemies who cannot be won over. But we must make room for Allende's belief that hard work, rationality, and compassion will lead us to social justice. In our hearts he is safe from United States imperialism and the Chilean bourgeoisie.

COLOR PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHEN SHAMES

by Jose Yglesias

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ting himself off from the only elements in the armed forces who could have saved the people from a bloody massacre. Allende was attempting to conciliate the very people who were to put the gun to his head in a very few days.

Now Allende is dead, trapped in the Presidential Palace where he was placed by millions of Chileans searching for a way out of poverty and exploitation. Allende will always be remembered for the honest effort he made to bring about a more democratic society. His personal bravery and dedication to the cause of social liberation will forever remain a symbol to those Chileans who are emerging to fight against the military dictatorship. For them Allende is not only a symbol of a more just and humane society, but a popular leader of great personal integrity. His final refusal to accede to brute force and his willingness to die rather than surrender will inspire millions of young men and women who carry on the struggle.

How did the military takeover come to pass? During its first year and a half, the Allende Government initiated peaceful but effective change. Large landed estates were expropriated, foreign mines were nationalized, and banks were statified—a measure of social justice long awaited by the Chilean populace. A number of hastily written books and articles were churned out by impressionistic observers hailing "la via Chilena" as a vindication of the electoral path to revolutionary social change. Yet it was too early; the major test was still to come. As the workers and peasants gained in power and authority, demands and pressures increased to extend the process to industry, commerce and services. And it became clear early in 1972 that precisely those amorphous strata described by sociologists as the middle classes would not go along even if a majority of the electorate willed it. "Socialism" was barely tolerable if it affected the foreign and agrarian rich. But as workers began to occupy their factories, and to make efforts to equalize salaries and reduce status differences—as the petit-bourgeoisie saw their illusory hopes of someday becoming captains of industry or commerce smashed by the collective action of workers—they turned with a vengeance against the Government.

It was not any particular decline in income, or loss of material goods, that can adequately explain the intensity of feeling with which these petit-bourgeois sectors threw themselves into action. As a matter of fact it is likely that many of these groups have actually benefited materially from the Government's redistributive policies. Yet the mystique of property, mobility and ambition was being profoundly violated. As one pro-Christian Democratic professional in Chile told us, "Our way of life is being threatened. What do I care that I am making more money if the *rotos* are going to have their way." Another middle-sized factory owner exclaimed that, "We are surrounded. In everything we must deal with, there is the Government! We have no security; we will not invest." These Chilean enthusiasts of the democratic marketplace insisted, "*Nobody* wants him!" ignoring the fact that Allende was democratically elected and was still supported by the working class. Such democrats confused their own desire to retain their privileges with those of "everybody." From those whose security had been most fragile before, one heard a continual refrain which contains both plaintive yearning and prophetic understanding: "Chile will never be the same."

[POPULAR POWER]

In October 1972, the right-wing launched its first major offensive: doctors abandoned hospitals, shops were closed, truck-owners blocked the highways and mobs of middle-class students tried to take over the downtown area. This effort was thwarted as hundreds of thousands of workers occupied their factories and kept them running, set up distribution networks, and prepared for armed combat. The Right extracted some minor concessions from the Government, including military appointees to the cabinet; lost several score factories to the workers; and withdrew, hoping to win in the March 1973 elections what they could not accomplish in the streets during the October days. But in the congressional elections, the Left increased its vote substantially over the 1970 presidential elections. Moreover, the bases of support for both Left and Right were much more homogeneous: in the proletarian quarters, the Left rolled up large majorities, while the Right did the same in middle-class areas. The elections settled nothing; they were a prelude to new and more ominous confrontations.

In June 1973, an abortive right-wing military putsch was defeated by loyalist military officers. The CIA surely must have laughed at the rebels' ineptness: their tanks stopped for stop signs and red lights on their way to seize the governmental palace; mass communication networks were overlooked; and when a tank commander requested petroleum and was refused by the gas station attendant ("There's a gas shortage, you know."), the putschists abandoned the tank. Nevertheless, 21 people were killed before the rebels were put down, and U.S. military advisers must have resolved to correct their "inadequacies" in the future. The well-coordinated uprising of the Chilean armed forces on September 11 was nothing if not a professional operation.

The petit-bourgeois offensive which sought to paralyze the country provoked a historic counter-offensive among the Chilean working class: *Poder Popular*—Popular Power. The very concept was antagonistic to the bureaucratic control of the Government apparatus. "The people are fighting, creating Popular Power," became the new cry.

Factories, stores, offices and farms were occupied, owners and counter-revolutionary managers were expelled, and the workers themselves assumed the administration and defense of the means of production. As *Alerta!*, a daily wall paper of October 1972, proclaimed, "Chile is to be found producing normally from Arica to Magellanes, in the city, in the mines and in the countryside."

The accounts of the initiative and determination with which the workers responded were varied; when the Revlon textile factory was found closed, the workers, all of them women, met, organized, persuaded their vacillating *companeras,* and single-handedly set the industry operating again. When public transportation halted, workers trudged miles on foot to assume their posts at work. Even the children of the working-class municipality of San Miguel organized to clean the streets of the *miguelitos,* the bent nails scattered by rightists to disable the workers' vehicles.

Networks of direct distribution were established: using vehicles requisitioned from the factories, workers brought their products—dishes, shoes, sugar—straight to the neighborhoods to be sold or exchanged for foodstuffs brought

Pages 22-23, pro-Allende demonstration

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by peasants from the countryside. In the words of a Socialist in Concepcion—both a CUT leader and a leader of an industrial *cordon*—"The potential for Popular Power already exists in the consciousness of the workers, . . . but a large part of converting this into a concrete reality will depend on the vanguards."

What began as a "defensive measure" soon took on a meaning of its own; new forms of class mobilization, organization and struggle emerged. Industrial belts (*cordones industriales*) were organized from below, linking all factories within an area to co-ordinate the workers' resistance to a rightist-military coup. *Comandos comunales* (municipal councils) spontaneously emerged, joining factory workers, neighborhood assemblies, women's organizations, slum settlers—all the popular forces within a geographical area—and providing a vehicle for direct action. These commandos bypassed the traditional Left leadership and the established trade union apparatus, whose capacity for instant mobilization was found wanting.

In describing the success of the cordones, one leader pointed to the fact that, "communists as well as socialists, MAPU, FTR, PR and independents worked together united in the tasks of the cordon." The leaders of these proto-soviets were described by one Allendista as "insolent young men"—aggressively independent young militants whose class instincts distrusted the wheeling and dealing going on in the Moneda (the governmental palace). They trusted in their own power, that of their *companeros* and their workmates. When Allende called on the factory workers to march on the palace to defend the Government against the June putsch, some militants are reported to have told Allende to come to the cordones to be defended.

[AUGUST 1973—THE PRELUDE]

The cordones and commandos reached their peak in the October 1972 crisis and confrontation; and then, lacking resources and practical tasks, they began to ebb, their members attracted back to the CUT, which organized marches to defend the Government. After initially failing to register the significance of the cordones, the CUT moved to link them more directly to their organization.

The center of the struggle has been in the urban centers, which contain over 70 percent of the labor force. The peasants, while not irrelevant, were an important *auxiliary* force in the struggle between workers and bourgeoisie. The peasants provided logistical support—supplying foods and raw materials.

By August the economy had begun to deteriorate because of the intense social and political conflict. The shortages of essential food items had begun to adversely affect the standard of living in working-class districts—where Government and popular distribution methods failed to function with the efficiency of October 1972. The lack of raw materials had caused important industries to function at less than full capacity, and construction of desperately needed public housing halted as building supplies ran out. Bread lines in working-class sectors were commonplace, while hoarding, black-marketeering and speculation had become a way of life in the *barrios altos,* the upper-income neighborhoods. Run-away inflation rates averaging a 15 percent monthly increase during June, July and August were further dislocating and undermining the economy. Inflation, shortages, and their consequences even more exacerbated the conflict between social classes.

In great part, the deterioration of the economy was the result of the political opposition both internal and external, and not the incompetence and bungling of socialist ideologues, as reported by the U.S. press. Under the pretext of objective reporting, anti-communist journalists like Jonathan Kandell of the *Times* and Norman Gall white-washed right-wing terror, U.S. aggression, and Christian Democratic sabotage, presenting the same picture as the rightist press in Chile: leftists threatening democracy while leading the country to anarchy and chaos. Such reporting created the political atmosphere for the "tragic" but inevitable overthrow of the Government.

In the struggle for control over increasingly scarce resources in a polarized class situation, each side demanded more radical solutions. The workers in the factories insistently sought rationing, workers' or governmental ownership of transportation and retail distribution, and a *mano dura* (hard hand) against the speculators, profiteers and opponents who were sabotaging the economy. Some cordones proposed to seize the trucks of the private owners whose main goal was to bring down the Government; the truck lockout was accompanied by hundreds of rightist anti-Government terrorist incidents, particularly by the fascist Patria y Libertad. Over 500 such attacks between mid-July and August alone were launched against bridges, railroad tracks, power facilities, oil pipe lines, stores, homes and trucks. Meanwhile, the legal opposition parties blocked all reform legislation, used the courts to free terrorists, dispatched the army to disarm factories, prevented any legislation on sanctions against speculation and blackmarketeering, passed a congressional resolution calling on the government to resign because of incompetence, launched impeachment proceedings against members of the Cabinet, and openly urged the military to take over key posts in the Government. In addition, routine sacking of the economy occurred in the private sector (disinvestment and running

Watercannon against Santiago demonstrators

SAM MILLER

Truck-owners' strike idles thousands of vehicles

WIDE WORLD

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down of machinery), and bureaucratic sabotage in the public sector.

The intensifying anti-Government activity within Chile was carefully co-ordinated with U.S. policy designed to further weaken the economy. Loans and credits from public, private and international banks were cut off and shipments of essential parts for U.S.-produced machinery were inexplicably "delayed." On the direct-action front, U.S. financing of opposition activity—especially the truck owners' lockout—was evidenced by the large influx of dollars which recently stabilized for over a month the price of the dollar on the black market.

The U.S. Embassy in Santiago was well-qualified to provide assistance to those plotting against the Government. Ambassador Nathaniel Davis is a veteran with practical experience in eliminating leftists; during his ambassadorship in Guatemala, several thousand working-class and peasant militants were gunned down. Davis surrounded himself with a team of key operatives—"professionals" with long experience in the ways and methods of subversion. Their efforts were cloaked in utmost secrecy; only the results were obvious. Their credentials speak for themselves: John W. Isaminger, political section of the embassy (1942, Army Intelligence; 1951, Intelligence for the Pentagon; operations in La Paz, Guatemala and Washington); Daniel Arzao, Political Council, U.S. Embassy (1943, Army Secret Service; 1951, State Department; 1953, CIA; operations in Phnom Penh, Montevideo, Bogota and Washington); Raymond Warren, office of the First Secretary (1943, U.S. Air Force; 1954, State Department and later CIA; operations in Caracas and Bogota); Frederick Lastrash, First Secretary (1943, U.S. Marines; 1948, Naval Intelligence; 1956, State Department; operations in Calcutta, New Delhi, Amman, Cairo and Caracas); John Tipton, Second Secretary (CIA and State Department; operations in Mexico City, La Paz and Guatemala).

The first specific indication that Washington was involved in the actual preparations for the coup was found in a Reuters dispatch from Washington, apparently leaked by dissident State Department officials. According to the report, Washington knew the time and date of the coup 48 hours before it occurred. An Associated Press dispatch of Sept. 12 observed, "Ties between [the U.S. and Chilean] military establishments seemed to have flourished" over the recent period. There was a large influx of unannounced U.S. officials operating in Chile. The official State Department register listed only 89 functionaries in Chile. Yet a *New York Times* report on Sept. 12 claims there were over 1100, including "dependents."

According to some observers, the coup was probably planned and coordinated by a joint team which included U.S. military personnel and CIA operatives, headed up by U.S. Ambassador Davis, the Chilean military staff, and key political figures, including Eduardo Frei. Once the plan was consummated, Davis flew to Washington the weekend before the coup, reported on final preparations, and obtained further instructions. He then returned to Chile the day before the coup to be on the spot for its execution. The coup thus was neither solely the product of the CIA nor the result of purely Chilean forces, but a combined effort resulting from the shared interests of both the U.S. and the Chilean bourgeoisie and its military allies.

A measure of natural dislocation accompanies any transitional period involving fundamental social change: there were administrators directing industries who still lacked the full experience to do so; there was general laxness in disciplining absentee workers; and, as one U.S. technocrat commented, there was an "excess" of democracy in running enterprises. This was in some sense a necessary development. After hundreds of years of exploitation, the workers had a lot to say to each other and a lot to learn—as they were the first to admit. But what was most impressive was the way in which the workers were learning to control their destiny: over one-third of the employees in the metal-machinery sector of industry attended training schools to learn new skills; courses in accounting and budgeting (both prerequisites to efficient management) were overflowing; the national plan, including priorities on allocation of resources, was discussed intelligently and freely at workers' assemblies in the plants. The short-term costs of this "excess" democracy were perhaps more visible, but less relevant, than the long-term gain: in this direction, it seemed, lay socialism with a human face. And it was the workers we spoke to who were most aware of their own shortcomings, as well as those of the Government.

Obviously, the economy could not continue performing for long in this way. Yet the deterioration of the economy could not have been resolved in the manner proposed by the Communist Party or Allende. No efforts at increased productivity and planning had a chance to succeed while the question of political power remained undecided. Increasing productivity or controlling inflation would not have occurred as long as the material means to realize these goals were controlled in part by an opposition whose singular goal was the destruction of the Government. For example, this winter (June to August), the Communist Party made a gigantic effort to increase the areas of land to be sown and succeeded—until the truck owners' strike paralyzed the delivery of fertilizers and seeds, as well as leaving peasants with no means to deliver their products to the city. But Allende's complaint that he lacked the "constitutional" means to prevent the destruction of society was no encouragement to the Left—least of all to working-class women who stood three and four hours in line for oil and bread, when it was available. No wonder when thousands of militant proletarian women sought an audience at the Moneda, they demanded the Government confiscate the trucks removed from use by their owners—who had refused all settlement offers, except, as one typical owner put it, "one based on the departure of this Government."

By September there was a great and widening division in Chile—a polarization of class forces in which everyone was almost obligated to take sides. Not everybody on either side was clearly aware of the refinements of underlying ideologies, or all of the consequences inherent in the political position with which they were allied. In part, the lines were drawn according to class loyalties and sentiments—a mixture of social solidarity and antagonism to those who threatened to impose an alien way of life.

For a moment the working class' newly-won role as protagonist of a new society engendered a rejection of

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Women's Self-Help Movement*

*Or, Is Happiness Knowing Your Own Cervix?

To begin with the personal—that is the first lesson of the Women's Health Movement. What are the mysteries and bogeys of our own past, the myths of our own experience? Sex education? *Intercourse is an activity mainly performed by caged hamsters.* Advice about contraception? *The first time, have him use a condom, though he'll tell you it's like taking a bath with his socks on.* Abortion? *A horror that happens to other people —and then, mostly in potboilers or torrid movies.* The point, of course, is that all of us have bogeys of our own like these and the energy of the burgeoning Women's Health Movement derives from just that fact: its potential to speak to the needs of all women, regardless of age, race, or economic background. It is vital enough to influence many more than the white, middle-class, professional women who all along seem to have been reaping most of the benefits of Women's Liberation. Knowledge about our own bodies and control over them, thus power to live full and healthy lives, should be as accessible as the nearest speculum, as natural as a conversation between two friends about what ails them.

Such at least is the dream shared by large numbers of women's health activists all around the country, and they

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by Elizabeth Fishel

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have developed a critique of the health care system which, in its essence, is shared by all radical health activists. Briefly, it may be summed up like this: In the present American health care system, women consume most of the services but men still have most of the control. Women make, on the average, 25 percent more visits to the doctor per year than men. (Some of these visits are for specifically gynecological reasons; others are mothers' pediatric visits with their children; still others occur because women have typically been expected to indulge their pains and men to ignore or transcend them.) Women also consume 50 percent more prescription drugs and are admitted to hospitals more frequently than men. Two out of three mental patients are women, for example. As workers, women comprise about 70 percent of the health labor force. Still, most patients and health workers remain under the supervision and control of male doctors (only seven percent of American physicians are women and, of these, most specialize in pediatrics). Men control hospitals, lead medical research, head drug companies. These professionals of the "Medical-Industrial Complex" (so dubbed by the Health Policy Advisory Center–Health PAC–in *The American Health Empire*) are generally more preoccupied with the health of their profits than with the health of the people they supposedly serve.

Such is the stuff out of which movements are made, and this year the Women's Health Movement has emerged as a nation-wide force to be reckoned with on the medical scene. As if to mark the event, the Movement's manifesto, *Our Bodies, Our Selves,* has appeared in an updated and enlarged edition. The book–originally put together by the Boston Women's Health Collective as a series of discussion papers–explores everything from virginity through prepared childbirth, rape, and menopause. In its years as a 35 cent New England Free Press reprint, it sold 125,000 copies and served as crucial a role in popularizing the ideas of the Women's Health Movement as that played by *Sisterhood Is Powerful* in first elaborating the ideology of Women's Liberation. Now Simon and Schuster has published a $2.95 version which is receiving even wider national distribution. Most interesting is the book's focus on process as well as conclusion, on the exchange of personal experience as well as research into professional sources. The authors hasten to remind us that "Body education is core education. . . . Learning to understand, accept and be responsible for our physical selves, we can start to use our untapped energies."

[KNOWING YOUR OWN CERVIX]

But of this belief in "body education as core education" evolved the Self-Help credo and Self-Help Clinics, the most flourishing outposts of counter-culture medicine. Disciples have immortalized the Self-Help Saga in a slide show, and in recent months they have been touring the country and carrying hundreds of converts in their wake. Their story begins in February of 1971, when Carol Downer, a 39-year-old Los Angeles abortion reform activist (herself a mother of six) had the opportunity to see another woman's cervix during an IUD insertion. Soon after, Downer decided she wanted to see her own cervix, and then became so excited she got a whole

Carol Downer

group of friends together and showed them how to do self-examination, using a plastic speculum to open the vaginal cavity and inspect the vaginal walls and cervix. With the use of a lamp and mirror, it then became possible to check their own and each others' bodies for irritations, infection, discharges and changes on the cervix.

Soon the original group of friends expanded and met regularly in the back room of a feminist bookstore, then moved to the L.A. Women's Center where, one of the staffers remembers, "They seemed to attract more women to do Self-Help than the Center could attract with ideology." As Laura Brown, one of the original group members tells it, the desire to "learn from first-hand knowledge" and "get to know ourselves as well women" seemed to be contagious. Soon Carol Downer and Lorraine Rothman, another of the original group, had set out across the country, carrying speculums in suitcases marked "toys," ready at the drop of a stirrup to do a demonstration for any women who would listen.

That was Fall of '71. Now, more than two years later, at least 100 Self-Help Clinics have sprung up all over the country (as well as one in London started by a Connecticut Self-Help member). The founding mothers in Los Angeles have a center of their own now, in a white frame mansion (The L.A. Feminist Women's Health Center/746 South Crenshaw Boulevard/L.A., Calif. 90005) as well as their own abortion clinic down the block (The Women's Choice Clinic/1027 Crenshaw Boulevard/L.A., Calif. 90005). An expanded feminist health center and abortion clinic also recently opened in Oakland (Oakland Feminist Health Center/2930 McClure St./Oakland, Calif. 94609) and one in

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Orange County, California (429 South Sycamore St., Santa Ana, Calif.).

The Self-Help Clinic takes off from the belief that "happiness is knowing your own cervix," as the first slide in the presentation proudly proclaims. Cervical self-knowledge involves being able to answer certain routine questions like how to recognize and treat yeast and other vaginal infections early, how to recognize syphilis, possibly even gonorrhea, how to follow changes on the cervix during the menstrual cycle, and so be aware of any changes due to pregnancy. Of course, consciousness-raising about gynecological exams isn't that new or that radical an idea. (See "What a Good Gynecological Exam Should Include" by the New York Women's Health Collective or "How To Liberate Yourself From Your Gynecologist" in Barbara Seaman's *Free and Female*.) But women in Self-Help go beyond gynecological consciousness raising to take matters into their own hands, learning to diagnose themselves and each other. "Occasionally," the Self-Help women admit, "we will have a sister who has a more serious problem and having caught it within self-examination is encouraged to seek professional help." But ordinarily, from their own description, they seem to have "the perfect opportunity to see many, many normally healthy women."

Each Self-Help Clinic typically runs in three sessions. The first is a slide-show presentation and demonstration of the use of the speculum; the second, more practice with the speculum, also breast checks and bimanual pelvic exams (to check the size and position of the reproductive organs); and the third, more of the same and discussion of possible future activities, perhaps additional paramedical training or the formation of action groups to promote repeal of all sex control laws or cheaper, safer abortion and contraceptive methods. The hope of many women involved is that the excitement generated in the Self-Help Clinic can be carried beyond the individual group to shake up the system as a whole. At the moment, though, this remains a hope.

The night I visited the Clinic in Los Angeles about 15 women had gathered for the first time to see the slide show and learn to use the speculum. Most were white, middle-class women, ranging in age from their 20s to 40s, and in eagerness from the woman who rushed out the door in panic when the first cervix was bared, to the woman who first volunteered to examine herself—a mother of two children glad to be reassured that her genitals were still "pretty." The mood of the group was buoyant, as each woman hopped on the table, first viewed her own cervix and then lay back while the rest of the group also checked her out. "It's the inner eye," one woman exclaimed euphorically, "the opening to the soul." Another mused, "It's good to know life will never get boring. Everyone's cervix is different."

[VICTORIES AND DOUBTS]

I appreciated and shared their elation in being on the cervical frontier, but couldn't entirely stifle a few questions. Is the set-up always hygenic? (I'd noticed the first woman who'd demonstrated hadn't bothered to spread a towel or paper beneath her on the table). If I actually had an infection, would I be fully confident that the group would diagnose and treat me properly? (Often,

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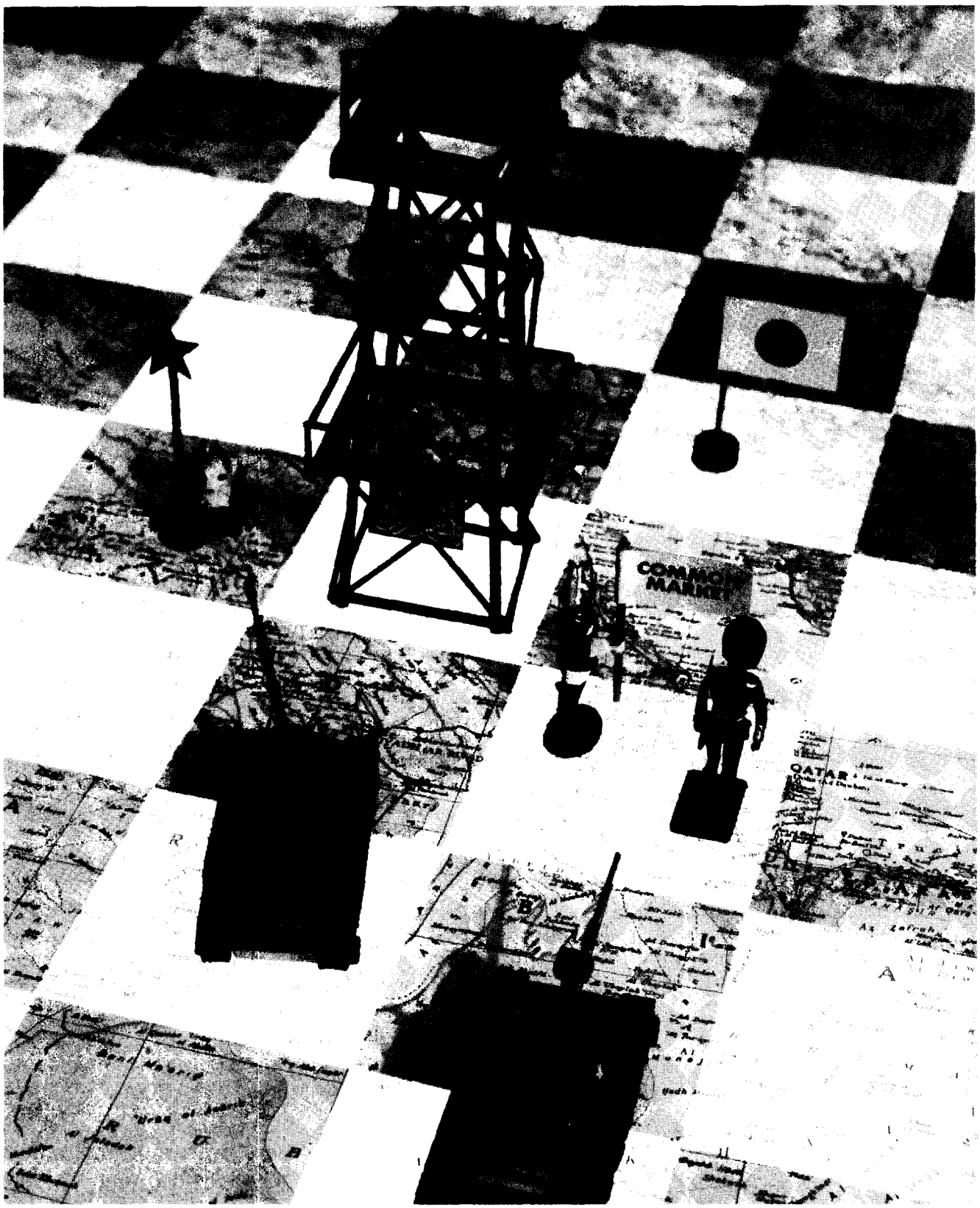
The New Internat



D&D ENTER-PRIZES

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onal Power Game

The Cold War is over. The set of power relations constituting the Cold War system has tumbled into ruin in the wake of America's military failure in Indochina. The Pacific has ceased to be an American lake, and Europe has shaken the foundations of a unified West by joint monetary action against U.S. economic imperialism. Henceforward, Europe's actions and evolution will not be constrained by Cold War necessities.

The end of the Cold War, however, is not bringing with it a general relaxation of tensions among nations. On the contrary, the major powers are seeking new alliances, and by its very nature this seeking is fraught with far greater dangers of World War than have existed since 1945. Basic to the Cold War was a recognition by the U.S. and the Soviet Union alike that war between them must unavoidably escalate into a nuclear exchange. Actual war was thus ruled out, and the Cold War became in fact a frigid peace despite such major conflicts as the American invasion of Indochina.

The Common Market's decision in March 1973 to compel the dollar to float against the firmer values of Continental currencies constituted a major break in the Western alliance. Europe emerged as a threat—not an ally—to U.S. hegemony, and Washington responded promptly. It immediately sought accomodation with its old adversary, Russia, which shares America's fear of European growth and which sees Europe's tendency toward political as well as economic union as representing long-range threat of attack on the Soviet Union. The consequence is an unmistakable movement toward a Soviet-American alliance. The world dominance which neither can achieve independently can perhaps be shared between them.

Fanciful? The case is arguable that massive sales of grain by the United States to the Soviet Union are designed to permit Russia to retain the present 142 Warsaw Pact divisions in Eastern Europe. Without grain imports, Russia and her occupied areas could not continue to feed their vast armies amidst civilian shortages caused in part by drain of manpower from the soil to the armed forces, in part by diversion of resources and mining and manufacturing manpower to supply her vast armies with weapons and materiel. Tanks are not farm tractors!

This argument is difficult to refute. In fact it need be neither refuted nor sustained, for intention does not enter into the matter. Consequence does. And it is a simple fact that without U.S. grain, the Soviet Union in 1973 could not have fed its armies in eastern Europe. The same seems likely for 1974. And so whatever pressure on Western Europe is represented by the Soviet troops to the east, it is joint U.S.-Soviet pressure. Today the Soviet Union supplies the men and arms; the United States, their rations. And Russia, wisely, builds up grain reserves, while the U.S. squanders its own.

Looking back, we can now see that Henry Kissinger gave us an inkling of these developments in his address to the Associated Press of April 23, 1973. It came as a riposte to Europe's show of independence seven weeks earlier in compelling the dollar to float. This action amounted to unforgivable disobedience by Europe, for it prevented the U.S. from financing its overseas adventures, jeopardizing Washington's freedom to intervene militarily where and when it pleased. Kissinger responded with a thinly veiled threat. "For us," he cautioned, "European unity is what it has always been—not an end in itself but a means to the strengthening of the West." That is, the U.S. would encourage it if and only if it contributed to Western security as defined by the U.S.; namely, that any potential conflict with Russia must be fought on European, not American, soil. And as Kissinger explained: "The U.S. has global interests and responsibilities. Our European allies have regional interests." It was a bold statement from the man who has called 1973 the Year of Europe. The European countries have, and must have, *no* responsibilities that are global, he said, and with a stroke he not only restricted Europe to regional interests but limited those interests to the geographical boundaries of Europe west of the German Democratic Republic and no further south than the northern shores of the Mediterranean.

"In trade," Kissinger complained, "the natural economic weight of a market of 250 million people (the enlarged European Economic Community) has pressed other states to seek special arrangements to protect their access to it. The prospect of a closed trading system embracing the European Community and a growing number of other nations in Europe, the Mediterranean and Africa appears to be at the expense of the United States and other nations which are excluded." He might better have termed 1973 The Year for Keeping Europe in Line.

Europe, which has no intention of being kept in line, predictably rejected the Kissinger injunction, and subsequently showed no signs of limiting the Common Market's spread—a position which prompted the United States to

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by Terence McCarthy

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move towards accommodation with the Soviet Union. After all, what better means were at hand to check Europe's bid for independence than a massive shipment of grain to feed Soviet forces on its eastern borders? It signified an historic turning point: the alliance of the Soviet Union and the United States to limit evolution of the European Common Market into something more formidable. This move was born of real, rather than imagined, fears, for in fact the EEC's prospects for southward expansion are excellent.

[A MEDITERRANEAN SUPER-POWER]

Historically, the Mediterranean served as a colonial seaway: enabling for example, the Phoenecians and the Moors to establish colonies in Europe for Eastern Mediterranean and North African civilizations; and also the Romans, the French, and the English to do the same in reverse. Trade between the colonial powers and their possessions was facilitated by the relative ease of passage between Africa and Europe and from the Hellespont to the Pillars of Hercules. More recently, the Mediterranean has acted as a sea barrier between established colonies in Africa and would-be conquerors from the North.

Now the Common Market promises something more to the countries south of the Mediterranean. Without conquest and without colonialism, it attracts the Mediterranean, African, and Arab countries to associate themselves of their own volition with the EEC. Assume for a moment that Iraq, Iran, Kuwait, Saudi Arabia, Jordan, Lebanon, Egypt, Libya, Algeria, Morocco, and Turkey, while maintaining their national sovereignties, were to become members or associates of the Common Market, and that a single central bank and a common currency were to serve them all.* The entire area—Western Europe, North Africa, and the Near East—would become in effect a single economic unit as in ancient days. The Mediterranean would again be the center of the Earth!

The Common Market would embrace half-a-billion people: the world's vastest aggregation of industrial and manufacturing facilities and the largest known market for raw materials and energy in its European component; preponderance of the world's known petroleum deposits in its Near East and Libyan component; and—by its influence over Zambia, and the whole of Africa north of Lake Chad—incalculable quantities of marketable but as yet undeveloped raw materials and tropical products.

It is, frankly, out of the question that Europe will form a political union with African and Near East countries in the visible future. But some sort of economic alliance is in the making, and recent uncertainties about the dollar and sterling have accelerated this process.

For trade among nations involves not only an exchange of products but a widely scattered savings process. These savings capitalize future economic developments in directions not determinable in the early stages of their accumulation. In other words, the saving occurs for its own sake. The way the savings are to be employed cannot always be known in advance. Opportunity governs as well as need. Clearly, it doesn't pay to gather savings in currencies whose values are declining, and so any nation will try to accumulate them in the form of bank deposits in countries whose currency values are unimpeachable at present and into the foreseeable future. Otherwise, a nation's past savings may decline in value more rapidly than current savings are being accumulated.

Sterling and the dollar have each lost dependability as means through which the Near East and Africa can safely accumulate savings. The result is miscalled an "energy crisis" in the United States, but is, in effect, a crisis of dollar credibility. Since Arab oil-producing, exporting nations (recognized as a bloc under the formal designation Organization of Arab Petroleum Exporting Countries—OAPEC) have no incentive to accumulate savings in U.S. dollars or British pounds, they have no reason to schedule their production and exports to meet the growing energy needs of the U.S. and England. The logical preference is to accumulate their savings in strong European currencies, creating an investment base for acquisition of European capital goods for OAPEC diversification and growth. Hishan Nazer, president of the Central Planning Organization of Saudi Arabia, stated on September 10, "In fact increased oil production beyond the country's present absorptive capacity will depend on the ability to industrialize. The basic idea is to increase industry's share in the gross national product account from the current 6.7 percent to a level where . . . oil's share is no longer the exclusive factor."

In fact, the Near East and Libya are accumulating cash faster than they can presently use it. Arabia and North Africa, it seems, are now ready for an extraordinary lunge forward towards industrialization. In terms of financial resources, they have the opportunity of industrializing at a rate faster even than Japan. In terms of physical resources, Africa north of Lake Chad, together with Zambia, are known to have untapped deposits of coal, phosphates, zinc, lead, manganese, tin, antimony, silver, molybdenum, copper, and perhaps gold in paying quantities. The Sudan has vast deposits of hematite sands possibly capable of direct reduction for use in steel production on the site. The Congo, of course, is an established source of uranium. Obviously, these countries must undertake major social and other changes—including trans-national irrigation, road-building, education, drilling for geologic water and tree-planting to hold back the desert. The Arabian oil-producers in Libya and the Near East have at present the cash resources to begin such development, but they cannot be certain of having enough to see it through unless they assume control of foreign-owned oil companies.

This, as much as U.S. support to Israel, is the reason for the actual and the threatened nationalization of controlling interests in U.S. oil companies in Libya and Aramco in Saudi Arabia. So long as these companies are under American control, the U.S. can compel them in a variety of ways to accumulate and "repatriate" their profits in the form of dollars or whatever currencies the U.S. might decide. This would debar any plans for the industrialization of Arabia and Africa with European cooperation. It would also prevent major growth in local consumption of petroleum now flowing to the U.S.

*** There is already discussion among the Arab oil-producing countries about a common currency, a central bank and a joint plan for economic development.**

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Meanwhile, as Europe itself continues economic expansion, it has growing needs for petroleum products. Thus Arabia and the Common Market develop common interests alongside the growth of Arabian savings in European banks. And from here to integration of economies is a very short step.

So it is with the iron, coal, copper and other minerals of North Africa proper. If Arabia moves toward association with the European Community, those parts of Africa not already enjoying the benefits of Common Market arrangements will almost automatically follow suit. This is the only power game in the world today in which all players can win—so long as the chips are neither dollars nor sterling.

[A GAME WITH ENORMOUS STAKES]

Short of resort to force, the U.S. cannot prevent Saudi Arabian nationalization of control of Aramco. But while the U.S. has certainly warned Saudi Arabia that cutting off the oil flow would be a *casus belli,* nationalization need not involve such a cutoff.

However a nationalized Aramco might insist that the U.S. pay for its oil supply in foreign exchange other than the dollar. Somehow, the U.S. would have to increase the ratio of its exports to its total output of goods, and that would mean reducing its relative output for domestic consumption. In effect, the U.S. would have to accept a cut in its standard of living (or a limit in its rise)—in order to get the hard foreign exchange to pay for the oil it once bought with dollars obtained by running the printing presses a little longer or a little faster.

The stakes are enormous. The U.S. will not hesitate to prevent any OAPEC action which might threaten to reduce U.S. oil imports below some critical level. No one doubts that Washington will resort to arms if supplies are either cut off or reduced to a trickle.

In broader context, this means that the U.S. must try to keep Europe from expanding its petroleum requirements (i.e., its industrial development) to that point at which it would compete with the U.S. for oil imports from Arabia and Africa on terms unfavorable to America's essential interests. As a corollary, the U.S. now has a stake in holding down European economic development below the point at which it could develop an autonomous military capacity capable of confronting securely the Soviet power massed in Eastern Europe. Hence the Soviet-American alliance.

It has taken a Kissinger or a Nixon to grasp this implication of the Common Market's phenomenal success. From the Great Power point of view, the potential growth and spread of the European Economic Community demands that the Soviet Union and the U.S. join together to limit Europe's expansion and to prevent its political union with the Arab and African economies.

The Nixon Administration made its first distinct move in this direction by appointing ex-C.I.A. director Richard Helms as Ambassador to Iran, and negotiating agreement to supply Iran with modern armaments, including up-to-date aircraft. It assured a continuing oil supply from Iran under a 20-year agreement (despite 51 percent ownership of Iran's oil producers by the Iranian government),and it openly established the U.S. embassy as a power base against OAPEC members—notably Iraq, which adjoins Iran, and Saudi Arabia, located across the Persian Gulf.

To be sure, we can expect the Administration to trot out various other explanations for the build-up in Iran. It may be said, for instance, that the U.S. is simply helping to suppress the Kurdish insurgents in their attempts at independence, or even that the aim is containment of Russia at the Persian boundary. No doubt, the Soviets would let such propaganda pass without objection, for they know—as Washington knows—that any meaningful U.S. (or U.S.-supported) build-up directed against the Armenian Soviet Socialist Republic would be a threat of war Russia would never tolerate. And so we can only conclude that the Soviet Union has agreed to a U.S. military build-up against Arabia.

We must view in a similar light the recent resolution of Israel's governing Labour Party that would permit the public and private purchase of land and the establishment of additional settlements in the Arab territories conquered in the Six-Day War. This policy would, in effect, make the occupied territories the minimum boundaries of Israel. Add that development to Iran's new role and the presence of the U.S. fleet in its Grecian naval base, and you have the strategic elements in a U.S.-Israeli-Iranian pincer movement against Jordan, Saudi Arabia and Iraq. Clearly, the Israeli Labour Party would not have reached a decision of such far-ranging implications without U.S. and Soviet acquiescence, and that in turn suggests that the U.S. and the Soviet Union have reached agreement upon other far-ranging, but as yet unrevealed, acts of joint interest.

[DECLINE OF THE U.S.A.]

On the other side of the globe in Asia, the major powers are rearranging the pieces on a new and infinitely perilous chessboard. Twenty years too late, the U.S. has begun to realize that her relationship to the industrial giant of the Pacific, Japan, has undergone a profound change.

For 150 years the U.S. had outstripped all nations in its pace and variety of industrial development. The interchangeable parts of Yankee design had evolved into the production belt, then into mass production for the mass market based on consumer credit—another American invention. No other country had matched her diversity and efficiency of industrial progress. None, it was assumed, could do so. America's economic strength seemed incontestable, therefore her power in the world unchallengeable except with nuclear arms.

Japan has burst forth with an economy superior in many key products to the United States, including textiles; electronic devices for the mass market; sophisticated optics for personal, industrial, and scientific uses; iron and steel; and shipbuilding on a scale and a cost with which the U.S. cannot compete. Japanese automobiles have penetrated the U.S. domestic markets—signaling Japanese superiority in that industry which is most symbolic of the mature American economy. All this seems to have happened overnight, but the suddenness is illusory.

In fact, careful observers recognized the trend a decade ago. They noted, for example, the infusion of dollars and

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U.S. technology into Japan during the Korean War and its protracted aftermath. And they also observed that Japan did not permit significant direct U.S. investments in Japanese industry.

Then again, American mass production was oriented to the domestic market, while Japanese mass production was concentrated in the export area. Japan would pay its way in the world by attaining the highest possible rate of growth of high-quality, high-profit exports with which the U.S. could not compete on a price basis. Meanwhile, the U.S. was engaged in a dual process which had the net effect of destroying its own export capabilities. On the one hand, it was capitalizing foreign industry with its effusion of dollars on overseas military account. On the other hand, it neglected to maintain a vigorous and profitable net export balance on non-agricultural account. The former hindered the latter. The U.S. was spending about eight percent of national income in defense areas; Japan, forbidden to rearm, spent virtually nothing. It used the difference for productive purposes.

The U.S. was rapidly becoming uncompetitive in world markets, and all this suggested a deeper sickness in the American economy. Its industrial technology and product design were falling behind, and major economic malproportions were developing. At the same time, American militarism—based on economic strength—was accelerating the decay in the economy and was thus itself in jeopardy, as its economic base grew insecure.

The situation called for fundamental changes to correct the malproportions in the economy. Instead, Washington resorted to a series of attempts to bend other nations to America's will, and in the process it accelerated the erosion of America's strength. Consider, for example, the Economic Stabilization Act of 1970, which gave the President personal authority to claim "unfair foreign competition" in overseas or domestic markets wherever U.S. products were uncompetitive, and to raise tariffs or impose other sanctions accordingly. Far from turning back the tide, King Canute was helping it along, for the decline in U.S. competitiveness is not something which can be cured by tariff action. Tariffs in fact could cloak the symptoms and delay the cure.

In the decade which ended in 1970, American manufacturing industry had the lowest rate of increase in man-hour productivity of leading industrial countries. And even this increase was slowing down. Should the trend continue, the increase in man-hour productivity in U.S. manufactures will have ceased by 1975 and will thereafter become negative.

This trend reflects the fact that white-collar (non-production) functions have been growing more rapidly than blue-collar (production) functions in manufacturing. Thus when demand quickens, the blue-collar force is worked overtime and man-hour output declines in the overtime hours. When demand slackens, blue-collar workers are laid off more readily than white-collar workers. Calculated on an incremental basis, the ratio of additional non-production to additional production personnel in manufactures was as high as 73.3 percent in the 1960-1970 period.

Generally speaking, it is the products of blue-collar labor which are susceptible to exports, but the American attitudes toward work are shifting away from blue-collar, product-related functions. Everybody wants their children to be non-production workers. This is a social disease not shared by the developing countries, nor by Japan.

This shift lies at the heart of America's decline as a world competitor. In the period from 1950 to 1970, there was an increase of 5.4 million wage and salary workers (including white collar) in manufactures, mining, contract construction, transportation, and utilities. At the same time, those employed in finance, insurance, real estate, wholesale and retail trade, services, and federal, state, and local government had increased by 20.1 million. The cost of supporting these additional non-production personnel had to be borne by the small rate of increase in output per man-hour in non-agricultural commodity industries. No wonder the U.S. could not compete abroad! The cost of supporting 43 million non-production personnel had to be added to the direct costs of 28 million production personnel outside agriculture. Within agriculture, man-hour productivity had increased 287 percent in the period from 1947 to 1970—compared with 97 percent in manufacturing. This relieved the situation, but it still left the economy overburdened with manpower functions which simply could not be exported to foreign markets. Had farm productivity not risen so prodigiously, the U.S. would long ago have sunk to a generalized state of poverty—unless, that is, action were taken to halt the growth in parasitic functions.

How did Japan compare? From 1960 to 1970, the Japanese economy registered a rate of increase in output per man-hour in manufacturing which, if continued, would double the 1970 annual rate of man-hour output by 1976-77 and would triple it by 1981. By contrast, if the American trends were to continue, U.S. man-hour productivity in manufacturing would be declining by 1976 and by 1985 would have retreated to its 1965 rate.

(The rise in American food prices complicates the picture. Coming as it does on top of negligible growth in industrial productivity, it will affect wages and salaries in both commodity and non-commodity industries, thereby increasing industrial export prices and still further reducing U.S. ability to compete. Is it surprising that Wall Street jests bitterly about Aphasia IV of Nixon controls?)

In terms of ability to compete on world markets, the U.S. is thrusting itself back to the position it occupied in the early 19th century when Britain repealed its Corn Laws. America has again become a granary, an agricultural exporter, deserting the position of industrial strength which it had built up in more than a century of effort.

[EXTRAORDINARY ALLIANCES]

The U.S. cannot meet Japanese competition in the ordinary course of events. This being the case, we must anticipate an extraordinary course of events. Japan is already substantially shut out of Europe's markets. If the U.S. decides to follow suit, Japan will have to look elsewhere and modify her product emphasis accordingly. What is more, it will have nothing to lose by seeking

(Continued on page 54)

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Life After Death

The Sons of Julius and Ethel Rosenberg:

On June 19, 1953, Julius and Ethel Rosenberg were electrocuted in the Death House at Sing Sing for having committed what the FBI still calls "the Crime of the Century." They had stolen the secret of the atom bomb, it was said, and given it to the Russians, thereby making possible the Korean War. To the end they maintained their innocence and refused to implicate others; their silence cost them their lives.

The Rosenbergs were survived by two sons. Shortly after their parents' execution, Michael and Robert Rosenberg disappeared from the public eye and were forgotten. For 20 years they lived in anonymity and silence, until recently, when they decided to surface quietly in order to defend their parents' innocence. Today they are grown men, fathers of families, teachers at a small New England college. They are known by the patronym of Meeropol.

At first glance, the Death House at Sing Sing seems far removed, both psychologically and politically, from Springfield, Mass., which Michael and Robby Meeropol have made their home. But the shades of the distant prison house are felt in this old, decaying New England industrial town. June 1953 does not seem so very long ago, nor is their childhood a distant, alien world.

Michael Meeropol is 30 years old now. He remembers a lot. He has a friendly smile, a warm sense of humor, teaches economics at Western New England College, and is working on his PhD dissertation. Annie, his wife, is a teacher as well. They share housework and both take care of their two children: shy, blond-haired Veronica Ethel, who looks like Annie; and strong, outgoing Gregory Julian, an adopted black child. Michael works hard, but manages to spend much time with his family, and occasionally plays the guitar, though not as often as he would like.

Robby is 26, and his memories of the execution are not as clear as Michael's. He is dark, deliberate and, in his own view, clandestine. He is more reserved than Michael; his emotions are deeper beneath the surface. Robby Meeropol originally came to Springfield from the Midwest in hopes of doing working-class organizing, but he now teaches anthropology at Western New England College, which has not yet registered any shock at having two sons of the Rosenbergs on its faculty. His wife, Elli, is active in the local women's movement, and they have a daughter named Jenny. The family lives in a commune with three other adults. It is a large house, with a vegetable garden in the backyard during the summer. In the living room, there are lots of books and records, and in the second-floor bedroom hangs an original sketch of Julius and Ethel Rosenberg, signed by the artist, Pablo Picasso. The figures look confident and dignified; the drawing is a reminder that the Rosenbergs have had friends throughout the world, including Picasso, Albert Einstein, the children of Sacco and Vanzetti, and millions of lesser-known people.

When their parents were executed in 1953, Michael Rosenberg was ten years old and Robby was six, and they became fugitives at an early age. They learned while still young to protect each other, to hide their identities, to deny the probing questions of adults who knew the truth. In 1953—after three years in limbo—they went to live with Ann and Abel Meeropol, older radicals and professional theater people who went by the stage name of Allen.

The Meeropols made it their business to shield the boys from publicity and notoriety. And so they grew up in the semi-underground, schizophrenic world of the red-diaper babies in the 1950s, got involved in the Movement in the 1960s, and became family men, radicals and teachers in the 1970s. In that time they never publicly acknowledged themselves as the children of Julius and Ethel Rosenberg—a secret known only by their families, close friends and few others.

During the last two years, they looked on with mixed feelings as their lives were fictionalized in a novel called *The Book of Daniel.* Then Doubleday celebrated the 20th anni-

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by Jonah Raskin

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versary of the execution by publishing Louis Nizer's *The Implosion Conspiracy*. Michael and Robby watched it climb and settle comfortably into the best-seller lists, and as Nizer's myths, distortions and misinterpretations went unchallenged, they grew pessimistic. It was, they felt, like watching their parents being tried and executed again. "Throughout last year," says Michael, "with people reading the distortions in Nizer's book, I felt that the other side was winning . . . Nizer makes my parents to be '60s political stylists. He misuses the letters, says they were the equivalent of Jerry Rubin tearing off his robes and stomping on them on the Dick Cavett Show. He says that they postured in the letters, that they loved the publicity. But I think that is a misunderstanding of their life and values. . . ."

Their life and values: for the first time in 20 years, Robby and Michael Meeropol publicly identified themselves as Robby and Michael Rosenberg and brought suit against Louis Nizer--for violating the copyright laws in his use of their parents' *Death House Letters* and for misusing the copyrighted material ". . . to deceive . . . and to impress the public with the authenticity . . . of false, fictitious, and distorted writings." They took Nizer to court, they say, to correct "this grievous wrong."

[MEMORIES]

When Julius and Ethel Rosenberg were arrested in 1950, the family lived in Knickerbocker Village, a housing project on the Lower East Side. "It was a big, beautiful, brick apartment building," says Michael, "with a playground; the K and K luncheonette inside so you didn't have to go out on the street. It was nice. We didn't have a TV, we never had a car, but we had a cheap phonograph, records, and a radio of sorts. But remember, my father owned a machine shop. Of course, he was paying off his debts. He was, if you'll pardon the expression, petit bourgeois. . . ."

Michael's memories of the period are sharper than Robby's. "I have a weird kind of memory that fixes things in my mind, I can remember details." But both have become archeologists into their Korean War past, probing layer after layer of an historical record buried deep in their subconscious. Something or someone often jars their memory: "I know that my father was a hell of an intellectual," says Michael. "According to Morty Sobell he was more like a Talmudic scholar than an activist, always thinking, reading, studying, discussing things. That's what others have said about him, but he came across to me as someone who liked to play baseball. He played baseball with me in the house. If I hit the ball into my kid brother's crib it was a double; if I hit it out the window it was an out. It seems to me that Julius was always at home, or taking me somewhere. It's hard to imagine he was working. We used to go for rides on the Third Avenue El, to South Ferry, and then on the Staten Island Ferry, and to the Bronx Zoo. Occasionally I went to his machine shop on Houston Street. I can remember playing with magnets." They were avid baseball fans, and supported the perennial underdog, the Bums, the Brooklyn Dodgers--mainly because of Jackie Robinson.

Some accounts portray Julius Rosenberg as a committed ideologue who put much effort into indoctrinating his eldest son. Michael disagrees: "I think I was too young to be indoctrinated . . . The closest I came to indoctrination was playing a 'Bridge' game. I was a bridge. All the war convoys would go over me and when the fascists went over the bridge I raised up and my father said, 'Great, you killed the fascists, shake hands.' I remember the smile on his face. I remember that he taught me that fascists were enemies."

Michael remembers Ethel Rosenberg as "short, dark, and . . . hairy, though not her face. She was artistically oriented, loved to sing, and I think she played the guitar. She had a great voice. Also, she spoiled me rotten, doting on me. Can you believe it, they were poor people on the Lower East Side, and they bought a piano for our tiny apartment and set me to work taking lessons. I remember playing 'From the Wigwam' in that apartment."

Then, in 1950, the Rosenberg family was torn apart. "In August," recalls Michael, "my mother was arrested. I've read and I've been told that I screamed on the phone but I don't remember it. That night a woman who was hired for the day stayed with us, and the next day she took us to Ethel's mother, who just took care of us. She wanted to get rid of us immediately. She held on to us in September and October, and we missed a lot of school, and then she dumped us at the Hebrew Children's Home in the Bronx. I hated it. Most of the hired people around us were young black women. A young high school kid was our counselor. The black women were paid miserably, and they used to take out their aggression on us. They would beat us up if we were at all sassy, and since we were pretty troubled, we were often sassy. My problem was that I was a finicky eater. I refused to eat, but Robby picked it up and started to eat, and I would say, 'No, Robby, don't.' After that they separated us, and he learned to eat. He wasn't as set in his ways as I was.

"When a new girl was hired, I was pointed out as a trouble maker. They told her how to deal with me: 'He likes bread. If he doesn't eat everything, we give him nothing.' I hated it, but I also started to play with the other kids. That lasted from November to June [1951]. Then they set up a home with my father's mother, and a registered nurse. When I got into her house, I was wild out of my mind, and my grandmother couldn't control me, and when the nurse tried to [control me], grandma interceded and finally drove the nurse away. We stayed there for the whole summer, went to day camp in the summer, went to school, had a bad year at school, a horrible, horrible year. The year at the shelter, we went to PS 30 in the Bronx and that was a good year. Kids liked me, I got along with the teacher. In PS 132 in Manhattan it was horrible. My aggression showed up in bad penmanship. My conduct was terrible. Grandma couldn't handle me by then."

Robby lacks Michael's clear recollections of this period, but he does remember Mrs. Rosenberg--Julius's mother--and the impact the trial had on her. "She seemed to be a rather typical Jewish grandmother, fairly ignorant . . . I think she was destroyed by the trial . . . she became senile, fell apart and died, when she was about 73. She was old enough for them to say that she died of old age, but it seemed to me that she was really too young. She always talked about her son being killed: she had a special place for Julius in her heart."

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Michael says he was a wild child at his grandmother's, and he was just beginning to learn about the world and the way it viewed him as the son of Julius and Ethel Rosenberg. At first, he recalls, he was "very open about who I was. I was young and naive. I told Phil, my first new friend on my grandmother's block, who I was. I went to his house and I also told his parents. They listened carefully when I told them that my parents were innocent. They were friendly, and nice, and it made me feel good. My friend Phil told me he had another friend named Lawrence who was a blabbermouth, that he talked too much, and that I shouldn't tell him. But my reaction was, 'Oh, that's great. I'll tell him, and he'll tell the whole neighborhood that my parents are innocent and we'll get friends to help.' We told Lawrence. One day when I was at his house watching TV, his mother asked, 'What's your name?' 'Michael Rosenberg,' I said. 'Are you Julius and Ethel Rosenberg's son?' she asked. 'That's right,' I said, 'and if you read *The National Guardian* you'll see that they are innocent.' She shouted, 'Don't talk to me about it.'

"Then they started to work on Lawrence. His older brother said, 'Look, Lawrence, are you a loyal American?' And the mother said to me, chasing me out of the house, 'It's time for you to go now.' She turned to Lawrence and said, 'I don't want you hanging around with your communist friend anymore.' And to me, 'Don't let me catch you hanging around Lawrence anymore.'

"I was an eight-year-old kid, so I just ran home crying. That was the beginning of knowing to keep my trap shut. It's funny that the first kid was sympathetic. It was good luck. If I had been lucky enough to meet a few friends then I might not have been so discouraged by Lawrence's family. I might not have shut up."

[THE TRIAL]

Meanwhile, Julius and Ethel were in prison, and Robby and Michael went to visit them often. "I remember flashes crystal clear," says Robby. "I can remember driving up to the prison, the Hawthorne Circle, which is no longer there. But I don't remember what the prison looked like. I remember my brother playing hangman with my father. I never did. I remember a couple of visits—quite subdued and the weird thing about them was how normal they were. It was like everything was so covered up, because to admit how freaky the whole situation was would have been unbearable. I don't remember a lot, and maybe I repressed it."

Michael, however, was old enough at the time to know what was happening and to try to figure it out. "I was told by others that they were charged and found guilty of being spies. My initial reaction at the time was that that was stupid. 'There is no such thing as stealing the secret of the atom bomb,' I thought. I think that was a normal reaction. If only Manny Bloch had brought out that point in court! What happened was that from 1949 on, scientists were drowned out by the politicians who kept saying that there was a secret, that the Russians had stolen it. Once when I went to visit my parents in jail I asked them point blank, 'Are you innocent?' Later on I found out that they weren't too happy about my having to ask them, as you can imagine. 'Of course we are,' they said, and I was satisfied."

They were innocent, he believed, but they were in jail and the lawyers couldn't get them out. He decided that he himself would be a lawyer when he grew up. "I visited my father in the Death House and told him I'd become a lawyer and free him. There were a lot of fine lawyers around at the time—Vincent Hallinan, Charles Garry—but they didn't have anything to do with the case." It was a point that bothered him—the failure of the great radical lawyers and the Communist Party to rally early to the Rosenbergs' defense—and he devoted a lot of thought to it in the years that followed. "My understanding is that the CP reacted to them like the plague. They were concerned with *their* own cases, the Martinsville Seven, Willie McGee. Left-wing lawyers berated my parents' lawyer Manny Bloch for taking the Rosenberg case. 'How dare you,' they said, 'the Left has got to be clear of this case.' The CP was concerned with the Smith Act defendants and the party people who had gone underground. *The Daily Worker* gave it very little publicity. Go back and read the *Worker;* you'll see that while the Committee to Secure Justice for the Rosenbergs was struggling along, while the *National Guardian* was running its series about the trial, there was nothing, nothing, nothing. They gave no support; it's as simple as that. Later on, when it was too late, they joined the bandwagon."

He wonders today if a better legal representation would have freed his parents, and, in a way, he fears the answer. "The 'lawyer' problem is of crucial importance to me. I hope it's not true that a better lawyer could have saved Julius and Ethel. I love and revere the memory of Manny Bloch. But I look back at the trial now and see lots of mistakes. With perfect 20/20 hindsight I see many things which could have been done, and many of these things Bloch himself later admitted.

"I don't think Bloch was a bad lawyer, but he was a scared lawyer, and he was alone, I mean dreadfully alone. If the Communists treated him like a pariah, you can imagine how others handled him. He had no one but his old father, who was a business not a trial lawyer, and Gloria Agrin. It was a political necessity that they be convicted, but I think that a better fight could have been made, certainly. I must believe that the political necessity caused them to die, because otherwise I have to believe that the Committee, and Bloch, were responsible, and I can't believe that because the case is of such great historical importance. It would hurt too much to believe that our friends were to blame.

"Others will disagree with me. I'm very subjective about it. Morty Sobell flays both Blochs mercilessly, and also his own lawyers, who told him not to testify. Bloch was scared about the handling of the case. The CP lawyers in the Smith Act cases had been aggressive and combative, and they had just been convicted of contempt of court. Bloch's tactic was to be extremely courteous, and deferential, but he was so deferential that he ended up praising the judge for an impartial trial. He was convinced before the trial even started that they would be found guilty He was hoping against hope that the judge wouldn't sentence them to death. He thought that his own courteousness and respect for the judge could save my parents from the electric chair."

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[THE SUMMER OF '53]

From Mrs. Rosenberg's house, the boys went to New Jersey to live with friends of their parents. There they spent the summer in the country and stayed on for the next school year. "I had an excellent year there," says Michael. "I visited my parents regularly, and I was pretty happy. Robby and I had tremendous conflicts with the younger son of the people we were living with. The two people were older, and they were driven to distraction. Unfortunately that was the summer of the execution—an endless summer of playing ball."

The summer of '53: a summer of baseball, football, talking with friends; not a painful summer. "The execution was a small part of it. June came, we went to Washington, got back. We went to visit our parents, and I put on my little show—I started to wail as I was leaving, 'One more day to live, one more day to live' over and over again. I was kissing them goodbye and leaving. Then we got the one-day reprieve. I knew about Justice Douglas's stay of execution. We watched the baseball game on June 19 as the announcements came in. I still had hope, I thought that the mercy letter my mother had written would have an effect. That day was a bad day. I remember keeping it from Robby for a week, and then one day he was talking about when Mommie and Daddy are coming home, and I said, 'Sorry, Robby, Mommie and Daddy are dead; they're not going to come home."

Just like that: dead, gone, forever. "I used to mistreat him very badly," says Michael. "There were times in High School when we'd be talking at night, and Robby would say, meaning our adopted parents, 'Where's Mommie and Daddy?' and I'd say, 'Dead.'

"I'm sure that Robby built up a protective wall because he really didn't understand. In my case, brutally challenging him was kind of useful. I didn't have friends who knew about it, and so I rarely talked about my parents. A lot of stuff was being submerged in me. I remember reading *Knock on Any Door* and the end of it there's a vivid description of the events leading up to an execution in the electric chair. That got me. I do not remember crying before then for emotional reasons. That was the first time. The fact that it was such an extreme gush was incredible. It leads me to believe I was submerging things, and forcibly reminding Robby who we were. It was my way of fighting that repression. Because Robby would never talk about those things. I wasn't very nice during those two weeks in early June, 1953. That's the only pain I remember. I was playing baseball when it happened. They took us out of the house to play catch, and when we came back it was over."

[FROM ROSENBERG TO MEEROPOL]

About six months later, Emanuel Bloch—their parents' lawyer—arranged a new home for them with Ann and Abel Meeropol. There had been problems living in New Jersey. Michael remembers that people kept asking him, " 'Are you any relations to those two spies?' And I'd say no, telling myself, 'Well I haven't lied, because they aren't spies.' "

The boys were moved back to New York, and in December 1953, Manny Bloch told them that they were to go to a Christmas Party and that a couple would pick them up there. The couple were the Meeropols: "We didn't know we were going to live with them until they told us. I think Manny thought it would be better that way. Manny died before the Meeropols were certified as our legal guardians, and so the bastards from the Welfare Department started to move. One night they threatened to break down the door. We went to court. They sent us to the Welfare Department, to Pleasantville, N.Y., and then our side got a writ of *habeus corpus*, and the judge sent us back to our grandmother's. He appointed a nice co-guardian." Finally, in September 1954, they moved in permanently with the Meeropols.

For both boys, it was a terribly important change in their lives. "I was a real wise guy," says Michael. "I was given a thorough examination by Dr. Frederick Wertham in 1954, and he thought I was very close to being psychotic. I needed extremely careful, firm loving care, in as normal a situation as possible. I couldn't stand still for a minute. I never looked at anyone when I talked to them. I was vicious in terms of responding to any adults who crossed me. I was a fresh kid. I drove adults to distraction. The Meeropols sat on me. They gave us steadiness, a family, a foundation." The Meeropols were loving and warm but they could not exorcise all of his fears. "Like all kids, I used to have nightmares. For years, even after I was married, I would wake up screaming. While my parents were in jail, I used to have monster dreams. I remember dreaming of running away from something. I would hear the sound, and feel the presence of the creature, but I wouldn't see it. It would be one of these things from above. The voice would say, 'We've got you now,' then someone would wake me from my sleep because I'd be screaming out loud."

And then there were the identity crises, the inevitable questions about his real parents, and his denials. "When I was in junior high school, the *Daily News* carried a series on the Death House and ran a picture of me. We tried to get the picture pulled, but it was printed, and several kids in school saw it, and thought they recognized me. But I denied that I was Michael Rosenberg. Little by little that began to grate on me. In junior high school I even volunteered the opinion in class that you weren't a good American unless you believed in God. That kind of stuff was just so bad. I loathed myself for acting that way.

"Then in Elisabeth Irwin High School the situation changed because radicalism was viewed as a good thing. I began to think of changing my name. I wanted to make amends, to pay back for all the bad things I did."

[A PRIVATE WORLD]

As for Robby, from 1949, when he was three, to 1956, when he was ten, he lived under Michael's care and protection. "We had a private world," he recalls, "but I don't think that we talked much. I was very conspiratorial." Where Michael was loud and insistent, Robby was low-keyed and easy-going. He was a true introvert and he hid his emotions. More than Michael, he felt persecuted and kept silent about his identity.

The boys were different, but they were close—perhaps

(Continued on page 49)

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Wide World/April 6, 1951

Julius Rosenberg, 32, and his wife, Ethel, 35, are separated by wire screen in rear of prison van as they leave Federal Courthouse yesterday on way to jail.

Wide World/June 16, 1953

Emanuel H. Bloch, attorney for condemned atom spies Julius and Ethel Rosenberg, escorts Michael, 10, left and Robert, 6, from Sing Sing prison in Ossining, N.Y.

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HANDBOOK for the VIRGIN VOTER

Congratulations!
You are 18 years old.
Today you receive the most cherished gift known to man
(or woman) — THE RIGHT TO VOTE!
You are now the political peer of Mark Spitz and Carole King,
Sammy Davis, Jr., and Martha Mitchell.
Your vote counts the same as Nelson Rockefeller's and
Bebe Rebozo's; no more — no less.
One man (or woman) — one vote.
That's democracy.

History of Voting

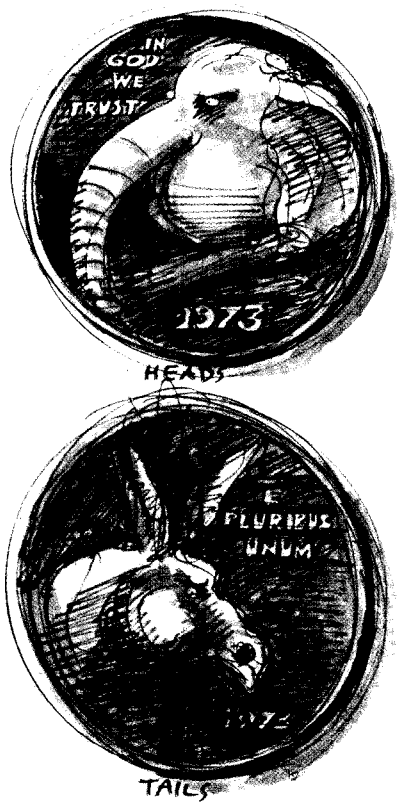
The word "vote" comes from *votum* (which is Latin, not Indian), and it means "a vow." Therefore regard your ballot as a solemn pledge of allegiance to our formula of government.

The word "ballot' is derived from *balls*. Why? In the earliest recorded elections, the candidates were distinguished from one another by balls of different colors.

The British colonies in America instituted the custom of choosing representatives by secret ballot. Before that, those who stood up to be counted often wished they had not.

For more than two hundred years each American voter marked and folded his ballot, then stuffed it into an overcrowded box. This gave rise to the expression, "You can take that ballot box and stuff it."

Nowadays we have replaced such primitive procedures with voting machines, which never break down except on Election Day.



The Political Parties

We live under a two-party system.

You will be welcomed into either party, whether your selection has been determined by heredity, environment or tossing a dime.

The Republican symbol is an elephant; the Democratic, a donkey. Either one will take you for a ride.

Both parties embrace a wide spectrum of political philosophies. The Democrats range from Eastland to Wasteland; the Republicans from Ripon to Ripoff.

by Edward Sorel and Edward Eliscu

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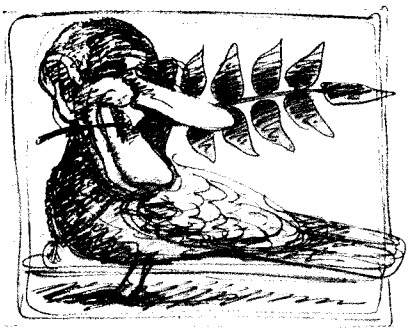

The Primary

The purpose of the primary is to designate the party nominees. Your participation enables you to indicate the lemming of your choice.

You must allow at least six hours for the primary, since you will probably be sent to the wrong address or to a building which has been torn down. When you do locate the right polling place, 20 minutes before closing time, there will be 60 people in line ahead of you. Discouraging? Perhaps, but an excellent preparation for Election Day.

Election Day

On the first Tuesday following the first Monday in November you will meet the test of citizenship. As you approach the polls you will be welcomed by a friendly policeman with a gun on his hip. He will direct you to a line where the clerks are older than Old Glory crucified to the wall. After an hour or two your name will be checked and rechecked. No thumbprints necessary. Yet. You are cleared.

Approach the cubicle with confidence. Observe that there is no turnstile. No dime necessary. This one is on your government. Enter and pull the lever. You are now on all-American territory, behind the canvas curtain.

Levers and logos, names, amendments, propositions and proscriptions challenge you. Will you give in to claustrophobia or will you stay to shape the future of your country?

This moment of truth is not easy for you. If you vote the straight ticket, remember that the party which piously preaches peace hemmed and hawked a long, dirty war. And the party that bellowed for "law and order" can turn out to have broken the laws, bugged, burglarized, bribed, blackmailed and bungled.

Then again you may prefer to choose your candidates *a la carte,* providing you keep a few pertinent facts in mind:

Will you vote for the man with the ethnic pitch who, because your name ends with a vowel like his, calls you brother? Remember Brother Cain.

All the candidates have railed against inflation, pollution, drugs, discrimination, crime and dogturd in the streets. Which will do something about them? Remember that in our country we change the men. Only totalitarian countries change the system.

When you vote you are in the privileged position of hiring a public servant. You must realize that the public servant problem will not vanish overnight. Remember that those you choose are accountable to you. And if they should prove dishonest, you have the inalienable right to try and catch them.

So stand up tall and pull the levers. The results can't possibly be worse than they were before you acquired this God-given constitutional right to rule. And when you have performed your civic duty, you will open the canvas curtain and exit smiling. You have enjoyed your first secret ballot. Only you will know what crimes you have unwittingly abetted in the name of voting. ■

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Janis Joplin:

Lady Sings Dem Kozmic Blues

by Andrew Kopkind

Buried Alive, by Myra Friedman, Morrow, $7.95.

Going Down With Janis, by Peggy Caserta, Lyle Stuart, $7.95.

> *"There are no second acts in American lives."*
>
> – F. Scott Fitzgerald

Somewhere between Port Arthur, Texas, where she was born, and the Landmark Hotel in Hollywood, where she died, Janis Joplin relinquished the terms of ordinary existence and became a "metaphor" for her generation and its times. Dropout, doper, hooker; rock star, sex freak, super hip—Janis did not merely make the scene; she *was* the scene. There was almost nothing about the youth subculture of the late '60s that Janis did not embody in her raucous white blues style and her reckless white life style. But it was her style of death which now seems the *beau geste* of her 27 years. Nearly finished recording an album (*Pearl*) that was to determine the future of her popularity, and torn between lesbian longings and an impending heterosexual marriage, Janis picked up the heroin needle which she had earlier abandoned and shot herself into the ultimate down. Now, even her death is not her own; it merely extends the metaphor.

Like Marilyn Monroe, with whom she shares some striking mythic qualities, Janis remains a topic of conversation and an object of curiosity long after the ubiquitous Los Angeles County Medical Examiner has closed his files on another O.D. Both women crumbled under the strain of the same central contradiction: public adoration against inner inadequacy. What was

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"Maybe my audiences can enjo

worst was that the adoration fed on the image of inadequacy, and the inadequacy increased as the adoration grew stronger. There was no good way out of that double bind beyond the drug blackout typical of the years in which they died.

None of the current retrospective biographies of Janis, it seems to me, deals effectively with the nexus of personal, social and historical catastrophes that led logically, if not inevitably, to her destruction. Myra Friedman's careful chronicle, *Buried Alive,* applies a shallow Psych textbook description of Janis' affection/rejection complex and mixes it with some smug sneers at the rock culture to produce an annoying analysis free of any ties to the history of the '60s and its complicated consciousness. Peggy Caserta's raunchy *Going Down With Janis* tells us more about the inside of Janis' thighs than the inside of her head: which gives the book a certain organic accuracy that Friedman's detached accounts lack, but renders it otherwise irrelevant.

What's missing is a sense of Janis struggling both to dominate and escape a progression of existential roles that are common to many women brought into high relief by the pressures of performance, stardom and the youth culture. In Janis' case, the most critical role was that of sexual actress. Aware of her lesbian feelings since adolescence at least (and probably earlier; Friedman's uptight accounts can't be trusted), she was forced into heterosexual patterns by both the old straightness of Texas and the newer, and in some ways more aggressive, straightness of the '60s generation. Her compromise with the closet was a sad proclamation of bisexual do-your-own-thingism, which may have satisfied publicity requirements (Friedman was her PR agent) but did not deal directly with her need for a love connection. As so many other homosexuals have discovered, drug and alcohol connections are easier to make.

"Why is it," a friend of Janis' asked Myra Friedman, who reports the question, "when Janis was talking to a chick, she had a low, relaxed kind of voice and when talking to a cat her voice got all high and uptight?" Why indeed? Janis had long and complex relationships with several women, and unlike her thousands of sexual encounters with men, many of her "affairs" with women did not directly involve sex. It's obvious, for example, from Friedman's straight-faced writing of it, that Janis felt the kind of intimacy with her PR lady that she never had with any man. Once, Janis suggested that she and Myra stop going together to a restaurant they frequented lest people begin to gossip. Near the end, when Janis contemplated marriage to a young Berkeley hanger-on named Seth Morgan, she offered to share him with Friedman. "You can fuck him if you want to," Janis said to Myra over the long-distance phone from California to New York. Friedman takes the better part of a page to record her astonishment at Janis' "extremely bizarre" behavior and to proclaim her own "inflexible" heterosexuality. Several other times Friedman rails against the "militant lesbian movement," Jill Johnston, and unnamed radicals for distorting reality to claim Janis as one of their own.

Those stories and many others that both Friedman and Caserta recount speak pretty plainly for themselves to anyone with the slightest understanding of the defensive consciousness of gay people in a "straight" career and social context. Homosexuals in the closet are far more worried than heterosexuals about going out in public with friends of their own sex. Gays often fantasize—and sometimes act out—sexual relations with reluctant straight sweethearts via a third party in bed, according to the syllogism of repressed sexuality: if A screws C, and B screws C, then A and B *almost*. . . .

All that is bizarre or astonishing only to those who will not admit their own role in producing such very predictable behavior. Superstar or superhip, Janis suffered the same impossible pains as a million other lesbians who don't want everybody to do their own thing, but want those they love to do one particular thing—and have that love validated by the world they inhabit. What was behind Janis' suffering? I'd look to the fearful indifference of her friends as well as the "infantilism" of her psyche that Friedman diagnoses.

Beyond the tortured tensions of Janis' sexual role were the demands of performance and stardom in an incomplete and historically immature culture that had no real standards for excellence. In their absence, performers and publicists alike elevated those ineffable and largely impressionistic qualities of style, soul, spontanaeity, charisma, energy and heavy vibes to the level of

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DEMETRE LAGIOS

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y music more if they think I'm destroying myself."

brilliance of technique. But the journalistic qualities of spirit change with every concert or album, and good vibes one day may be a drag the next. Rock stars are always riding for a fall, and they know it; they haven't the slightest idea what gave them stardom; but whatever it was can and will, just as surely, take stardom away. Agents, PR people (such as Friedman and her boss, the ursine Albert Grossman), A & R men, other rock performers, and fickle fans fit roles in that system of impossible dreams that are bound to bring everyone down in the end.

Naturally, the stars stand to go down the farthest—and still more if they are women. Jerry Garcia does not fall into deep despair if he fails—or thinks he fails—as a sex god. Janis did, because the role of sex goddess went along with her kozmic blues and she could not have one without the other. Of course, her own needs comprise an important aspect of that equation. But so do the needs of a culture that is forever looking for sex stars, creating them, and moralizing over their destruction.

The cult continues after Janis' death, like rituals to a sacrificed virgin, because of those same quaint sexual demands of the late-20th-century American culture. Janis (and Marilyn Monroe) are as important in their heavenly incarnations as they were in mundane form: objects of mass male masturbatory worship, one way or another. It's easy to see in Marilyn's case; but Janis, too, was a hippie sex-ideal, for all her funky weirdness, bad skin and autistic presentation: she epitomized the acne and the ecstasy of the hip '60s.

There aren't a lot of books about a Jimi Hendrix or a Jim Morrison cult; nor is Mick Jagger—a sex-god in his own right—in the same spot as Janis was. Men—even those pretending sexual ambiguity—are rarely trapped in the same way that women are in performance situations. And when men do find themselves victimized, they have options as individuals that are simply not open to women. Myra Friedman is rather pleased to say that Janis eschewed the nonsense of the "collective" ethic of the new culture, as if individualism were such a virtue that even in the abstract it transcends the obvious cases where it is counterproductive to successful struggle. Janis couldn't make it out of the sex-star-smack world alone. Friedman hoped she would get a man (Albert Grossman, if you can believe it) to pull her out. What she needed was other women—not, perhaps, a romantic careerist like Peggy Caserta, but others who could at least understand the Janis behind the *Newsweek* cover, behind the crazy-lady myth, behind the feather boas and velvet dresses, even behind the persona of Pearl.

Janis' life and death seems doomed to be taken as a moral tale, and the typical lessons drawn concern the wildness of the hippie scene, the disintegration of American families, the evil of heroin, and similar comfortable cautions. Myra Friedman blames the unself-conscious artist, Janis, who "did not quite comprehend the whole circle of her partnership with the public, stopping at a frightening perception that did not include a recognition of her half of the bargain. 'Maybe my audiences,' she declared, 'can enjoy my music more if they think I'm destroying myself.' "

It always makes me angry to hear people talk about life-struggles as a "bargain," the way parents conceive of "deals" in which children get Pontiac GTOs if they are accepted in law schools. Janis and the fans had no partnership; the rock business is no bargain; the blues ain't no deal. Janis needed to be what the blues made her feel, what the hip culture promised her, what the audiences thought she was. People out there in concert-land and stereo-land were fighting to feel those same things through her. Janis didn't merely lose. She was overwhelmed.

The lesson in the Janis legend, I think, has little to do with Janis' lack of bargain-sense, her emotional infantilism, or the flaws in the flower scene. It's mainly about the meeting of one woman with the dreadful demands of the American monster of sex, money and love; and how, as Hemingway didn't quite say, one woman alone ain't got a bloody chance. ■

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THE ALMANAC

by Derek Shearer

As we settle into a protracted economic crisis, it has become increasingly difficult to understand what is bringing it about. The sanguine "post-scarcity" economic theories of the '50s and '60s have gone the way of 39-cents-a-pound hamburger meat. No one that I know of has come up with a comprehensive overview of the new economic realities, but there are several lucid, nontechnical writings that can help explain the current situation.

One of the best of this genre is a 50-page paperback called **Why Do We Spend So Much Money?** written by economist **Steve Babson**, with illustrations by Nancy Brigham. The book grew out of a program in political economy at the Cambridge-Goddard Graduate School in 1971-72. Written in question-and-answer format, the book deals with food, housing, transportation, health, inflation, and other **basics of domestic economics.** It is ideal for union educational work, courses in high school and college, home study groups, and community organizing efforts. The books are produced on a nonprofit basis. Single copies cost 90 cents plus 20 cents postage. Ten copies or more cost 80 cents each plus postage (65 cents total postage for 4-7 copies; 75 cents for 8-10, and 2 cents for each additional book over 10). (Write: Popular Economics Press, 5A Putnam Ave., Somerville, Mass. 02143.)

Ben Seligman's collection of essays, **Economics of Dissent** (Quadrangle, 1968—unfortunately not available in paperback) is a few years old, but still provides some particularly good, simple **background** to the current problems. For instance his essay "The High Cost of Eating" explains how the structure of the food processing and distributing industry contributes to exorbitant prices.

Moving from analysis to direct action on economic and political issues, I recommend **A Public Citizen's Action Manual** (Grossman), by **Donald K. Ross**, an associate of **Ralph Nader**. All royalties from the sale of the book go to Public Citizen, Inc., an organization established by Nader to advance public interest issues. Unlike most Nader publications which are basically critiques of some area of the American economy or government, this book aims to provide practical information for activists.

The overall political perspective of the book is weak, and Ross' discussion of citizen action groups is too vague, but the book is incredibly useful on the nuts and bolts of specific political issues. For example, the section on evaluating pension funds can be valuable to employee groups, as can the section on how to enforce the Occupational Safety and Health Act. There are other good sections on sex discrimination and tax action. The best thing about Nader and company is that they are specific: they attack visible problems which affect everyday life.

The **Consumer Federation of America** publishes a very helpful **newsletter** on consumer affairs. The Federation consists of over 100 member organizations, such as consumer coops and labor unions. CFA does lobbying and other consumer-oriented work. Individuals cannot join the federation, but they can become Federation supporters and receive the CFA monthly newsletter with a $15 or more contribution. The newsletter contains news of pending bills and appointments in Washington which affect consumers, plus analysis of consumer problems. (Write Consumer Federation of America, 1012 14th Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20005.)

The Sharing of Land and Resources in America by New Republic writer **Peter Barnes** is another useful call to economic and political action. This pamphlet suggests a program for a comprehensive redistribution of resources in this country. It is available for $1.00 from the New Republic, 1244 19th St. N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036.

* * *

It's almost a cliche by now that one of the problems with the American Left has been its inability to learn from the past. A number of new books have recently appeared which might help remedy that problem. **Radical Visions and American Dreams** (Harper & Row), by **Richard Pell**, is an important and pioneering book on the **culture and political thought of the Depression.** Pell recreates many of the debates which consumed radical and liberal intellectuals of the '30s, such as how to relate to working people, the relation of art to politics, and how to make the economy more democratic—all important issues today.

Another new and useful approach to the American past is **Wilson Carey McWilliams**' book, **The Idea of Fraternity in America.** McWilliams' book is an **intellectual history** of the U.S. from the standpoint of the idea of fraternity—a concern that McWilliams finds sadly lacking in most liberal American thought. The scope of the book is broad—stretching from the Puritans, through the leading American writers and philosophers, to the Black Panthers. This book is a good place to start thinking about what we value in our national past, and what we want to change.

Along similar lines, I recommend the short essay **"The Case for Patriotism"** by **John Schaar** in American Review 17 (Bantam paperback). Schaar argues that the old sentiment of patriotism can be a valuable tool for the Left to combat the imperialist-nationalist tendencies that currently dominate American thinking. It's an original and very thoughtful treatment of an old, much maligned and misused sentiment.

Finally, an extremely valuable resource for studying American political history is a four volume **History of U.S. Political Parties** from 1789 to 1972, published by Chelsea House Publishers in association with R. R. Bowker Company. Each volume contains essays by various scholars and journalists, plus a wealth of documentary material including party platforms, speeches, and debates.

While the four volumes are valuable, they are also expensive—$135—and only sold in complete sets. Encourage your local library to order a set. Community groups and study groups might be able to afford a set by purchasing as a group. The four volumes can be ordered through bookstores or directly from: R. R. Bowker Order Dept., P.O. Box 1807, Ann Arbor, Michigan 48106. ■

News of political work, including publications, films, slide shows, etc. should be addressed to Derek Shearer, RAMPARTS magazine, 2054 University Ave., Berkeley, California 94704.

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(From page 41)

closer than most brothers. They often slept together in the same bed and they "never fought. We were civil," says Robby. "He always tried to build me up, said I was better. There was affection and kindness.

"There were certain code words between us. Michael was very earnest. He would ask, 'Do you think he knows about Mommie and Daddy?' That question would define a whole set of social reactions and initiate a strategy for responding to any given social situation. Michael's question had infinite implications." Michael, for his part, tried to protect his brother. "I would go apeshit if he went near the edge of the subway platform. I'd always want to hold on to him. I used to have him hold on to me, on the elbow when we walked in the street."

Robby developed his own protective mechanisms: "We learned how to be normal, I mean we red-diaper babies . . . I remember that it was better to keep quiet, and not say anything, and stay in the background."

Those were difficult times for Michael and Robby, but not nearly so difficult as they might have been without the Meeropols. "They decided that I needed a normal atmosphere," says Robby, "that I should be separated and protected." It took courage on their part, "and it was a difficult task." The Meeropols gave the boys a more-or-less stable climate in which to grow up. And in spite of their unique situation, they led more or less normal lives.

And so they survived the 1950s with memories not unlike those of thousands of other "red-diaper babies." "I remember McCarthy," says Robby, "but his death, not his power and glory. I remember him being discredited. I remember the 1956 campaign, but not much before 1955. I remember Elvis Presley on TV, things loosening up. I don't recall the hysteria of the 1950s, but the aftermath, the legacy of fear." That, too, gave way in time, as Southern blacks began to stage marches, boycotts, and sit-ins for integration. A new Movement began to take shape—filling the space left by McCarthyism—and it appealed to the sons of Julius and Ethel Rosenberg.

[THE EDUCATION OF MICHAEL]

The year 1963 brought the great march on Washington and Martin Luther King's stirring oratory: "I have been to the mountain . . . I have a dream . . ." It was also the tenth anniversary of the Rosenbergs' execution, and their sons were becoming young men. Michael Meeropol was 20, an undergraduate at Swarthmore College in Pennsylvania, and a fervent supporter of what was already called The Movement.

He was the archetypical son of the Old Jewish Left: "I was brought up on folk songs, played the guitar and was sent to a *shule.* . . . I didn't learn Hebrew but Yiddish, and was taught about the tradition of Jewish rebels, like the Maccabees, and also songs of the resistance, like this one:

Never say that there is only death for you.
For leaden skies may be concealing days of blue,
For surely all for which we yearn will yet arise,
And our marching steps will thunder, we survive.

In a *shule,* radical Jews could remain Jews and be radical too, without sacrificing one part of themselves.

This Old Left heritage is still very important to Michael Meeropol. "I cut my eye teeth on *The Great Conspiracy Against Russia,"* he says. "That was at age 11. Then I went through Elisabeth Irwin, a rad school. I was pro-Soviet on the Cold War and was Vice-President of a New York City chapter of SANE. . . . It was not an easy transition from Old Left to New Left."

In 1960, he graduated from Elisabeth Irwin and went to Swarthmore, where almost immediately he became involved in radical politics: "[We] were unashamedly Leftists from the start. We didn't hide. People used to call us the Swarthmore CP, and we'd smile at that. Everyone knew we weren't members of the party, but we supported the Russians.

"Our life style was that of ordinary college students. We liked to get laid, get drunk, have a good time. I didn't smoke grass, and as far as I know, there wasn't any at Swarthmore when I was there."

Though he did not experience the cultural upheaval which later rocked American college campuses, he was very much a part of the political explosion in its earliest stages. But for him, political activism carried certain special risks which it did not have for others: "My biggest fear was never jail, but arrest and the ensuing publicity and exposure. I thought that who I was—the son of the Rosenbergs—would come out. When I finally was arrested, I enjoyed myself.

His arrest came when he was still an undergraduate at Swarthmore. There was to be a civil rights demonstration in Chester, Pa.: "I was embarrassed about not going and doing passive resistance. So I decided to picket instead. . . . But we were all arrested anyway—those committing civil disobedience, and those picketing—and thrown in jail together. I had separated myself from the sitting-in but the police made no such distinction. We were all the same to them.

Michael graduated when he was 21 and went abroad, to Kings College, Cambridge, still struggling with the question of his identity. There he lived in a room situated above E. M. Forster's college quarters and studied economics with the British Marxists Joan Robinson and Maurice Dobb. In the early '50s, many radical academics had fled McCarthyism, taken new names in England, and gone to work in British universities. "I thought that it would be an excellent opportunity to change my name [back to Rosenberg]. I would be in a strange country, no one would know me. England offered a perfect opportunity, a new name for a new life, but again my parents dissuaded me. Now, looking back at it, I'm not really sorry that I didn't change my name."

In the mid '60s, he returned to America to continue his post-graduate studies at the University of Wisconsin, and his political beliefs reflected the growing impact of the New Left: ". . . I awakened to the bankruptcy of the American Communist Party. I didn't know that before. I was very excited by the Peace and Freedom Party, and by the Black Panther Party, which was rapidly expanding at that time. I wanted to see a genuine third party take shape and offer a real alternative, and so I helped organize the Wisconsin Alliance. I went door to door in my neighborhood talking to people." But

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while he moved away from his earlier adherence to Old Left politics, he had reservations about the thrust of the student movement in the late '60s. "In 1968, for example, when my friends in SDS were occupying buildings at Columbia, and protesting in the streets of Chicago during the Democratic Convention, I wanted to form a third party to get on the ballot. My kind of work must have seemed extremely tame. [Personally] I wanted to become a columnist for the student newspaper because I felt that I could convince people that radicalism is rational. The biggest argument against the New Left was that it was irrational. I always felt that if you had some kind of respect for the people you were trying to persuade, you would have a much better time showing that it was rational. In 1969 Weatherman said very honestly, 'There's no chance of convincing them so let's not try,' and I must admit that the extreme racism of the Nixon period, and the reaction to the POWs coming home, sometimes made me feel that the majority of the American people are so rotten they deserve Nixon, and rising prices. It's a terrible thing to think, and for anyone, like myself, who believes in socialism and progress, it's almost a confession of complete failure. Because if you aren't going to reach the American people, there's no way out.

"We had createin Madison—and it's still true of the city—a semi-liberated territory. But instead of reaching out, radicals flailed out. All the trashing at Madison was a catharsis, like jerking off."

Michael recalls the bombing of the Army-Math Research Center in Madison. The explosion killed a researcher and demolished a building which for years had been the target of student protests because of its involvement in counter-insurgency planning. "First of all, I was sorry that the guy was killed. I think that most bombers have tried not to kill or injure people. I was also worried about the negative reactions that might have ensued. I had mixed feelings. I didn't like trashing or blocking traffic because you simply prevented ordinary people from getting to and from work, from shopping, or travelling. But blowing up Chase Manhattan or Army Math—that was a real pin prick in the Empire. It hurt."

Still, for all his sympathy for the New Left, Michael admits that he never "made the cultural transition from the Old to the New Left. "I've always been scared shitless of psychedelics. I thought that there was so much repressed in me that if I took LSD I would let it all out violently and suddenly. I'd rather let it out slower, and under more controlled circumstances. It was a deliberate, conscious decision on my part . . . There must be a lot of self-hatred inside because I survived. I don't know specifically what's inside, but I assume that there's a lot of stuff that my body has done a good job of hiding. And since I'm functioning in the world without difficulty, I've felt there's no need to delve into it. Let sleeping dogs lie. That was a conscious decision I made."

[ROBBY AND THE NEW LEFT]

In 1960, Robby Meeropol became a teenager, and he was part of the generation which helped to transform American politics in the decade that followed. He was just young enough that he scarcely remembered the Red Scare and McCarthy, just old enough that his political education came after the election of John Kennedy to the Presidency. He felt much less identification with the Old Left of his parents than his brother did, and he made the transition to the New Left easily and naturally. In large part, it was a cultural question. Where Michael related strongly to Jewish culture, Robby resisted it: "I kept on thinking, 'Why be Jewish? Why be anything?' I think it is a silly tradition to divide people into all those lines. When I was growing up, we always seemed to live across the street from synagogues—there was 149th street and Riverside Drive, 161st and Broadway. I can remember one Saturday morning watching the people come out of the synagogue. They were so arrogant. I'd have to step out of the street for them. They probably assumed I was an Italian kid because I was so dark, a street urchin, and probably Catholic to boot."

In some ways, the Meeropols eased Robby's subsequent transition to the New Left. "They were *National Guardian*, rather than *Daily Worker*, readers. They were looser and into theater and arts. I went to Elisabeth Irwin, and Lincoln Farm in the summer. I was around Left Wing people. I remember the March on Washington in 1963, getting into folk music. I knew some people who formed the Westchester Viet Cong. They had a scenario; they'd camp out in the woods, and at two or three in the morning they'd vandalize army bases. They did spray paint actions."

Robby went from Elisabeth Irwin to Earlham College in Indiana. There he helped to found the Earlham Peace Committee, supported the National Liberation Front, organized demonstrations against the Vietnam War, and made cultural contact with the generation of the '60s. "At Earlham College, one of the first persons I met was a head. I got into the New Left, and youth culture very quickly. It was a process of becoming separate from my parents. My friends and I decided we were going to be out front. The Old Left whispered, 'We're progressives.' We were going to shout, 'We're revolutionaries.' "

After two years, Earlham seemed too small a world for him, and Robby transferred to the University of Michigan at Ann Arbor. He joined the student political party called "Voice" and later SDS. There he was arrested in 1968, "after Chicago," he recalls, "and mostly because of Chicago. There were some valid criticisms but Ann Arbor radicals made all kinds of excuses about not going to the demonstration. We had a sit-in to protest clothing allowances for welfare mothers. When I was arrested, I had a trapped-in feeling. I was 'in their clutches.' I had the feeling that they can really seek out and find you."

In the summer of 1969, he became involved in a living collective in Ann Arbor called "The Commune." "There were originally seven people, then five. We lasted for two years, became a real institution. The commune came out of the Women's Movement. There were more women than men, and women's politics predominated." He calls that period "the crazy times" for the Ann Arbor movement. "There were large demonstrations, recruiter actions, including a major one against Dow

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Chemical. Another day another action. The recruiters were locked in their rooms, windows were trashed, people split before the police came. I was largely in fear. By 1970, I believed in the million groovey kids theory. It was really insane. I never went into Weatherman, but many of them were friends. The physical violence part was too scary for me. [Yet] I didn't think, as many Weathermen did, that the revolution was going to be made here and now in the streets. After the SDS split I found the organization stifling, and I dropped out. Looking back at it now I can say that the New Left wasn't a hassle for me. I think that one of the reasons I got involved with the New Left was that it was scary to dredge up all that stuff from the past which was connected with my parents, with the trial, and I didn't want to know about it. So I tried to apply my political feelings to the present, and fell into the New Left entirely."

[COMING OUT]

It is 1973: Year of Watergate, and Julius and Ethel Rosenberg are 20 years in the grave. Their boys are men now, with families, careers, and lives of their own. They both married early and had children: "I think it's more than a coincidence," says Robby. "The desire to create the family, and to reestablish that which had been destroyed was very important." They both are part of larger communities as well. Michael works with the Union of Radical Political Economists, which he regards as a kind of political family. Robby, his wife Elli, and their daughter Jennie share a large, three-story house with three other adults.

Over the years they have gradually come to terms with their past, and the memories of 1953. What was once a closely held secret, they learned to share. "There were two people I was going to tell," says Michael, "who interrupted me before I could get it out, which was a great relief. Once I wrote it out on paper and showed it to a friend. My wife was the first person I told directly. It took forever to get it out. My heart was going like a goddamn bass drum. I finally closed my eyes, said it to myself once, then said it out loud. My wife said 'Who?' It was anti-climactic. But ever since it's been easier. It's as easy as snapping fingers."

Robby found it more difficult. "Elli was the first person I told I was the son of Julius and Ethel Rosenberg. She knew already, of course, and most of my best friends knew without me having to tell them. I didn't want to tell them, and I still have that hassle. I want them to *know,* but don't want to *tell* it."

There were pressures to make a public stand even before this year. In the late '60s Michael offered his help in getting Morton Sobell released from Alcatraz, where he was serving a 30-year sentence, but soon afterward Sobell was paroled and Michael's assistance wasn't needed.

Then E.L. Doctorow's *The Book of Daniel* appeared in 1971. It is a novel about the children of two spies executed for passing the secret of the atom bomb to the Russians, and it has become a best seller in radical circles. It is a work of fiction—not based on the actual lives of Robby and Michael Meeropol. The execution, for instance, occurs in 1954, and one of the children is a girl who enters a mental institution and commits suicide. Daniel—the elder son—doesn't follow his sister to the grave, but he becomes a cruel sadist, for example, burning his fair buxom wife with a cigarette lighter. Michael dislikes Daniel, whom he does not resemble at all, but he admits, "I could have been Daniel or worse." Even so, he enjoyed the book. "One of the things I liked best about the novel is when Daniel talks about his parents liking to screw a lot. That makes me feel good. Children are supposed to not imagine the idea of their parents screwing at all. When I was growing up as a pre-teen and a teenager I had that reaction, but I don't feel that way now.

"In the novel, Daniel knows everytime they screwed. In fact, I was too young to know. Julius and Ethel didn't have any problem walking around naked in front of us. So far as I remember, they weren't Puritanical, inhibited people." Michael says that he found the book moving. "When I read some of the journalist accounts of the last days before the execution, it grabs me, knocks the shit out of me. I remember finishing reading Doctorow. Annie wasn't home at the time. I put down the book and picked up both my kids and hugged them for a long time."

For his part, Robby thought that *The Book of Daniel* gave "a feeling of what it was like to be poor in New York in the '40s," but there his appreciation of the novel ends. "It's being taken as a sympathetic account of the Rosenberg case. That's awful; that's worse than J. Edgar Hoover's *FBI Story*, which no one imagines is sympathetic to the Reds." Doctorow, he feels, "has a strange head about sexuality. There are no normal sexual relationships in the book. Doctorow is 'bombastic' about sex; he's either hysterical or sensational or sado-masochistic. Also, Doctorow seems to be saying that you can't be political and also a humanist, that people are sacrificed to the cause."

If *The Book of Daniel* moved Michael and angered Robby, Louis Nizer's best-seller, *The Implosion Conspiracy*, produced no such mixed reviews. Both of them were horrified. Here was a book, advertised as the definitive work on the Rosenberg case, and so filled with inaccuracies—which they, from their own memory, knew to be inaccuracies—as to turn it on its head. For example, says Michael, "Nizer claims we were used by the Committee. That's a dastardly thing. He defames the Committee. We were protected, very few people came to see us; we weren't paraded around to stir up emotions, to sensationalize. I only went to three rallies, and once to deliver a letter to President Eisenhower, but we were never treated as pawns by any political group." Then again, Nizer sensationalizes his account with information of dubious authenticity: "Nizer had Julius practically stripping Ethel in jail the first time they meet, and getting on top of her. I don't think that happened. So far as I know they simply embraced. Nizer's book defames them in a way that invades Robby's and my privacy, destroys a lot of our psychological foundations by saying we were neglected while they became such active spies, and that we were used miserably in the campaign to save them. Both of those statements are bald-faced lies, and both are crucial."

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The time was right, the issue important enough, for them to make their first public stand in defense of their parents. It was not a decision taken lightly. Robby in particular had always been reluctant to "come out," as they call it. "I thought that exposure would turn me into a television character, and I didn't want to be 'medium cool.' When I was little, exposure was very, very threatening, and secrecy became a way of life."

But the Nizer book seemed to demand a response. It was an instant best-seller, received largerly favorable reviews, and Otto Preminger reportedly acquired the screen rights to make it into a movie. It could not be ignored, and there were other factors as well which pushed Robby and Michael to make a public stand.

There were, for example, the effects of time. These men, Robby and Michael Meeropol, are quiet intellectuals, family men, but you sense that they have come as close to death as soldiers from the front: they have felt it touch them. There is a core of anger there, though it does not often emerge: anger toward the men who killed their parents and who are still very much in power. Nixon himself had a hand in whipping up the hysteria which claimed their lives, and not long ago he considered appointing the Rosenberg trial judge, Irving Kaufman, to the Supreme Court. He did not, and Kaufman--now a federal judge--continues to sit in the Foley Square Courthouse where he tried and passed sentence on Julius and Ethel Rosenberg. Irving Saypol prosecuted the case, and was rewarded with a judgeship; his aide, Roy Cohn went on to become Senator Joe McCarthy's right-hand man and, after that, a successful New York lawyer. In recent years his business dealings have come under official scrutiny, but he remains free and anxious as ever to justify the anti-communist crusade he helped to mold. These are men who profited directly from the Rosenberg execution, who rose to power, wealth and prestige while the bodies were still warm.

Both Robby and Michael knew that at some point they would have to take a hand in setting the record straight. Then again, the 20th anniversary of their parents' execution focused their feelings: "For a while I felt that the case was for the historians," says Michael, "but now I've the sense that it's the present, that the battle is on again." Watergate, moreover, seemed to create a propitious atmosphere: "It made it possible for us to say, 'Look, we've been saying all along that the government has been lying and forging. You didn't believe us then, but why not listen to us again."

Now they have gone public and come out, as it were. They are planning to republish their parents' *Death House Letters* for which each of them intends to write a new introduction. (Robby's may include a critique of the Doctorow novel.) They have hopes of being able to re-open the case. "You know the government had to execute them," says Robby. "If they didn't execute them, they would have had on their hands two people jailed for life. They would have had an active organization, fighting the case all the time. How long could the government have covered it up under those circumstances? If it came out, it would have been worse than Watergate."

If the Rosenberg parents never had the chance to clear themselves, the Rosenberg sons have now dedicated themselves to the task. They have a broader purpose as well and some special rewards. "It's energizing," says Robby. "It makes me feel I'm integrating different facets of my life. It's given me an opportunity to do valuable political work which is also personally satisfying. In this respect, I feel I'm lucky. Dedicating my life to this isn't an abstraction. I can make a difference. That's a feeling I often don't have. It seems essential to connect things, to bring together the different pieces of history, and my life."

These men are not poor, helpless victims and they do not want to be pitied, sentimentalized, or cast as orphans in an afternoon soap opera. Nor do they want to be known exclusively as the Rosenberg children. Both the accusing and friendly finger of recognition are unwelcome.

Yet they have undertaken a task which will undoubtedly bring them recognition and notoriety. They have done it out of a sense of responsibility --to their parents, to history, and to themselves. "I want to show that they were innocent," says Michael, "that their trial was part of American Cold War policy. They can also teach us about simple honesty. You don't have to go out and court danger to be a hero. They had no choice; they were pushed into their role by circumstances. [After we filed the Nizer suit] an article about us said that we'd been silent for years. I took that as a kind of rebuke. Now I've a desire to jump in with both feet to make up for lost time." ■

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COVER-UP

(From page 20)

(another Havana gun-runner and casino operator) and Giuseppe Cotroni, identified in the Senate Narcotics Hearings (p. 1002) as "head of the largest and most notorious narcotics syndicate on the North American continent."

[OVERLAPPING CONSPIRACIES]

In this dark area of gun-running to Cuba, the careers of Sturgis, of Ruby, and of Oswald begin to overlap. First-hand accounts linked Ruby himself to Cuban gun-running (14 H 330-64), and to Robert McKeown, arrested in 1958 for gun-running with his friend, former Cuban President Carlos Prio Socarras. (Prio Socarras helped organize the Cuban exile demonstrations at the party conventions in 1972, when his Miami office was only two doors away from Bernard Barker's.) And Carlos Bringuier claimed he suspected Oswald of trying to infiltrate—as an informant either for Castro or for the FBI—the Louisiana training camp of the Christian Democratic Movement, a Miami-based exile group close to the DRE, which the Kennedy Administration was cracking down on in late 1963 (10 H 35, 43). Bringuier noted that five days before Oswald's first contact with him, the FBI had raided an illicit arms depot one mile from the camp. These arms were stashed in the home of one of the McLaney brothers, prominent casino operators in Las Vegas, the Bahamas, and in pre-Castro Havana.

Since 1963, U.S. narcotics officials have referred to the existence in Miami of a small but tightly organized "Cuban Mafia" in narcotics, "for the most part previously little-known underworld members employed and trained in pre-Castro Cuba by the American Mafia, which then controlled gambling in Havana" (*NYT*, February 1, 1970, p. 57). Certain U.S. business interests collaborated for decades with the narcotics-linked American Mafia in Cuba—as they did with similar criminal networks in China and later in Vietnam—for the Mafia supplied the necessary local intelligence, cash and muscle against the threat of Communist take-over. Some of those Cuban-Americans recruited by the CIA (presumably from the Cuban-American Mafia) are now suspected by federal and city authorities to be "involved in everything from narcotics trafficking to extortion rackets and bombings" (*NYT Magazine*, June 3, 1973, p. 46).

And behind the bureaucratic screens of "security" and "intelligence" there appear signs of a more sinister overlapping of conspiracies: in the gun-running and gambling background of Frank Sturgis and his allies, and the common responsibility for narcotics intelligence of E. Howard Hunt and John Caulfield in the White House, G. Gordon Liddy in the Treasury Department, and Egil Krogh (supervisor of the White House "plumbers") as Director in 1972 of the Cabinet Committee on International Narcotics Control.

The grey alliance in pre-Castro Cuba between business, intelligence and Mafia led to a central role in the post-war heroin traffic of the Havana connection, which later became the Miami connection. This Miami connection is typified by Bebe Rebozo's business associate "Big Al" Polizzi, who was named in the 1964 Senate Narcotics Hearings as "one of the most influential figures of the underworld in the United States" and "associated with international narcotic traffickers . . . and illicit gambling activities" (p. 1049). Polizzi and Rebozo collaborated in the construction of a Miami shopping center, where Rebozo also employed a former Mayor of Havana under Batista who headed up "Cubans for Nixon" in 1968. In addition, Polizzi and the Rebozo family have been recorded as signing legal petitions in support of each other, in 1952 and again in 1965 (*Newsday*, October 7, 1971; *Village Voice*, Aug. 31-Sept. 6, 1973).

Another piece in the puzzle is provided by the Keyes Realty Company, a Miami business with underworld connections, which has helped both Rebozo and Nixon in various land deals, including the Winter White House. Keyes Realty and its lawyers were named in the Kefauver Crime Hearings (Part 1, p. 716) for their role on behalf of organized crime in bribing Dade County's Sheriff Sullivan to run Miami as a wide-open gambling town. In 1948, Keyes Realty, and its lawyers, with the help of a wealthy Cuban banker called Agustin Batista (a cousin of the dictator), collaborated in the transfer of southern Key Biscayne to a shadowy Cuban investment group (the Ansan Corp.) in which an Internal Revenue investigator suspected the presence of funds belonging "to Luciano or other underworld characters" (IRS Report of Feb. 20, 1948, cited by Jeff Gerth in the November-December *Sundance*, p. 38). The visible partners were former Cuban President Prio's investment ally and Education Minister Jose Aleman, who had defrauded his government of tens of millions of dollars (*NYT*, March 26, 1950, p. 92), his wife Elena Santiero, daughter of Luciano's Cuban attorney, and Batista's Finance Minister and investment ally, Anselmo Alliegro.

Later control of this Key Biscayne real estate passed to men near Hoffa and the Teamsters' Pension Fund, and Meyer Lansky's conduit, the Miami National Bank. In 1967, some of this land was sold at bargain rates to Nixon and Rebozo, by a man named Donald Berg; after Nixon became President, the Secret Service advised him to stop associating with Berg because of his background. Nixon delayed registering the purchase of one lot for four years, until the final payment had been made on a mortgage to Arthur Desser, associate of both Jimmy Hoffa and Meyer Lansky.

Recently, Nixon's links with Desser, Keyes Realty *et al.* have been less prominent. But one of the Watergate burglars, Eugenio Martinez, was a vice-president of Keyes Realty until 1971, when he and Bernard Barker set up their own realty office, Ameritas, in the same office building. Some of Barker's real estate ventures, according to Jack Anderson's column (June 26, 1972), have involved Bebe Rebozo. Funds for the Watergate operation were channeled through Barker's bank account in a Cuban-owned Miami bank, Republic National, whose president had formerly worked for Agustin Batista's bank in Cuba. (The first president of this bank had earlier chaired the board of the Miami National Bank and another director was from the law firm of Keyes Realty.)

In 1961, Agustin Batista and his

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brother Laureano, leader of the Cuban Christian Democratic Movement (CDM), employed Sturgis' friend Hans Tanner in the CDM's "Project 26"—yet another effort to assassinate Castro (Tanner, p. 143). Tanner's account also describes how Nixon himself, out cruising in the Miami River, shouted "Good luck" to a boatload of CDM guerrillas training, supposedly in secrecy, for their diversionary role in the Bay of Pigs (p. 2). In 1965, Nixon intervened legally on behalf on the CDM's imprisoned political leader, Mario Garcio Kohly, who had been arrested by the Kennedy Administration for his anti-Castro activities in October 1963 (William Turner, *Power on the Right*, Ramparts Press, 1971, p. 156).

The Ervin Committee has yet to call Hunt and Sturgis as witnesses, to hear about their alleged illegal activities over the last decade. Some Congressional committee should learn more about these men's Cuban activities, such as those which in September 1963 brought strong U.S. government warnings to Sturgis and death to his friend Rorke. It is almost certain that a full inquiry in this direction would uncover past alliances between intelligence networks and organized crime for mutually advantageous operations —including the attempts to assassinate Fidel Castro. And the disturbing evidence of a cover-up in Dallas suggests that such assassination efforts have not all been aimed abroad. ■

SUPERPOWERS

(From page 36)

new directions—toward China and Southeast Asia.

This is a specter which haunts the Pentagon, and which makes Japan a U.S. military-planning priority. For the Pentagon recognizes the military potential inherent in Japan's formidable economy. And if the Japanese embark upon a vigorous policy of rapprochement with mainland China, and if China responds favorably, the U.S. will find its military position throughout Asia subject to grave question.

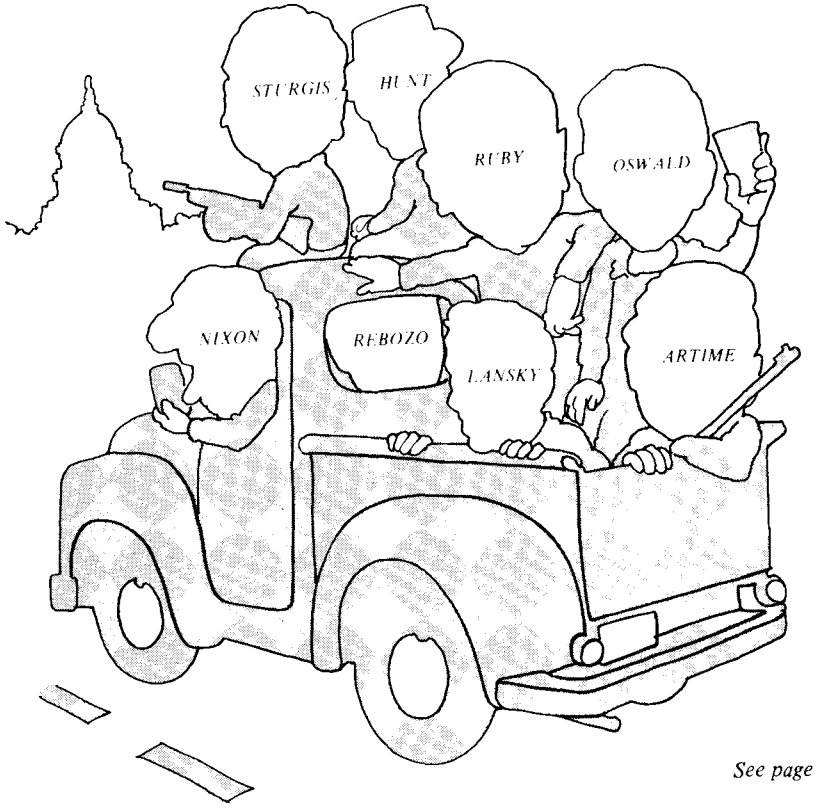
Does this mean that the Pentagon is *expecting* Japan to revert back to the militarism of the 1930s? Of course not. But it does mean that no strategic planning by the U.S. can afford to ignore that long-range possibility, especially with the growing economic discord between the two countries. There is, moreover, another factor which the U.S. cannot control: namely, Sino-Soviet disharmony.

It was China's decision to embark on an independent nuclear path which originally fomented the dispute between the two Communist giants, and now China not only possesses a nuclear capability but on June 27 detonated its first hydrogen device. Russian pronouncements, meanwhile, have taken on an ominous tone. In a major position paper in *Pravda* on August 26, the Soviet Union directly accused China of having nuclear ambitions for the sole purpose of dominating all Asia. Moreover, the tenor of the *Pravda* piece was that China was moving toward an understanding with the U.S. to isolate and threaten the Soviet Union. In my opinion, the *Pravda* position could just as well have been aimed at the U.S. as at China, for a U.S.-China entente would be directed at containing both Russia-in-Asia and Japan. The *Pravda* statement added, "The longings of the Maoists for hegemony are suggested particularly by the activities in Southeast and South Asia, such as their old idea of creating a military-political grouping of Southeast Asian countries under the aegis of Peking."

Indeed, the statement may even have been calculated to exacerbate the strained relations between the U.S. and Japan, for it suggests that the U.S. may not deter China from such ambitions, with obvious effects for Japan. Exacerbate relations, that is, unless the U.S.—to compensate Japan for loss of Southeast Asian markets—were to desist from measures which Japan believes hinder its industrial growth.

Can the U.S. have friendship with both Communist powers without forcing Japan into one or another camp? Judging by the August 26 statement in *Pravda,* the Russian leadership is in no mood to regard any friend of China as a friend of the Soviet Union—least of all the U.S. But then if the U.S. cannot have detente with both, it must have it with one or with neither. If with neither, Washington will be forced to go far toward accepting the Japanese position. But if with one, Japan will have to make accomodations.

Suppose, for example, that the U.S. were to conclude a detente with Russia. China would then have inducement to reach an understanding with Japan—at least after China has hardened hydrogen weapons bases and



See page 14

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ICBM's in convincing number and range. Then again, if Washington reaches an accord with China, Europe would almost certainly press for U.S. withdrawal from the continent and the Mediterranean in order to ensure that nuclear war, if provoked, would not be fought on European soil.

There is, of course, another possible alignment—namely, between Japan and the Soviet Union. By its very nature and the threat it would represent to China, such an understanding would have to carry with it an agreement that the Soviet Union (and preferably the U.S. as well) would use nuclear weapons in Japan's defense. Such a Triple Alliance would enable the U.S. to ease its economic pressures on Japan if the Soviet Union would invite Japanese imports—on the one hand, to ease economic constraints upon the U.S., and, on the other, to accelerate industrial development and the military capability of eastern Siberia in a tripartite containment of China.

Personally, I believe this specific triangle unlikely, although its possibility is apparent. Upon the Nixon visit to Peking, Japan moved promptly towards normalization of relations with the People's Republic of China by severance of relations with Taiwan and formal diplomatic recognition of mainland China. An aping of U.S. moves? Perhaps, but far more likely implementation of policy which Japan had long desired but which, in an earlier setting, would have put her prematurely at odds with the U.S.

[A WORLD IN DISARRAY]

What is clear is that post-World War II power relations have gone beyond bipolar confrontation of East versus West. There is now no East, no West, in a simplistic arraying of massive antagonists. It is as though the Koh-i-noor had splintered in the cleaving. Or the prism of world relations had become a kaleidoscope, each national viewer vying to freeze the shifting patterns of its rotation into something to his advantage, real or fancied, unsuspecting that his view was still tinged with past colorations irrelevant to the new realities.

This is a situation of immeasurable danger: one in which the new, unstable equilibrium can be upset by a single act of miscalculation or ill-temper by any leading country. No statesman, of whatever country, can possibly know in any final sense what objectives in the form of alliances, the statesmen of other countries—of any other countries—really want or may grow to want in a condition as fluid as that of the post-Vietnam world. And it is truly fluid, to a degree unknown since the Middle Ages.

The whole of the Third World has learned from Indochina that it can pit itself, with high hope of success, in armed conflict against the developed countries, a lesson the U.S. should have learned from the Yugoslav experience. Time is on the side of the developing peoples. This may be the fundamental conflict of the new era we appear to have entered, a conflict extending not for years but for generations. America's rebuff in Indochina has shown that there is, in fact, no single western bloc susceptible to setback only by a monolithic eastern bloc. And the growth to outright antagonism of Russia and China has shown that no eastern bloc exists. The simplicity of the Two Bloc arrangement has given way to something much more complicated.

Moreover, what can be defined as attack has itself changed and today takes on altogether new meanings. With the dollar a dubious asset to, for example, OAPEC, and with consequent threat to America's energy resources, hence to its capacity to wage war, what the U.S. could until recently obtain merely by use of its printing press may not now be available to it at all. The effect is as though, in the Two Bloc system, the East had seized America's required oil reserves, or had openly threatened such seizure. The result is that the number of ways in which world war could start has been vastly enlarged beyond those of the Cold War system.

Instead of two supposed foci of power, military or economic, as in the Cold War system, there are now seven, namely the U.S., West Europe, Russia, China, Japan, Israel, and the Arab States. Any one of them can act independently, or in any feasible combination or alliance. The number of possible combinations of these power relations—dissolving and reforming in ways determined by events—is, by the factorial law, the unmanageable quantity of 5,040. If we exclude Israel and OAPEC as, theoretically, not really capable of wholly autonomous action, we are still left with 120 ways in which the Big Five can combine, dissolve the combinations, and recombine in other ways.

There is not genius enough in the world to arrest this inherent capacity to combine or recombine. This, one must assume, is what the Tenth Congress of the Communist Party of China must have meant in its statement that the world is now in great disorder. What was not postulated in that communiqué is what all history of nations teaches: that great wars are fought to suppress the mathematical sum of ways in which autonomous powers can combine and recombine. The very essence of the strategy of nations is to reduce the factorial product to two—as in the Cold War—or, preferably, to one, as accomplished by Alexander the Great when he brought the ancient world under his sole rule.

American euphoria—that war dangers have retreated with the end of the Indochina War—is shared by no other people, and is unwarranted. Diplomatic initiatives which have followed U.S. withdrawal from the mainland of Southeast Asia have not stabilized the world. They have produced secret antagonisms secretly arrived at. What has really happened is that the U.S., and therefore the world at large, has moved away from aggression against peoples mistakenly supposed to be weak to attempts by the superpowers themselves to form new groupings which will increase their relative strengths, one against all others. This is the game the Big Boys play, and it has brought the world to grief before. ■

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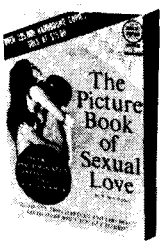

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SELF-HELP

(From page 31)

each of the various women in charge had her own recommendation about the procedure, not necessarily shared by anyone else.) And finally, could this curiosity about our own and each others' genitals ever get a bit obsessive? (One woman I met proudly proclaimed that she had given more than 30 pelvic exams on one day alone.)

Various radical health experts share my initial enthusiasm as well as some of my doubts. Ellen Frankfort, the *Village Voice* health columnist whose *Vaginal Politics* has helped popularize the glories and woes of the Women's Health Movement, describes Self-Help as being "a little like having a blind person see for the first time—for what woman is not blind to her own insides?" But she also admitted in an interview that the cervical exam is "a Movement indulgence" with limited diagnostic ability. June Fisher, a radical physician trained at Stanford and a member of the Professional Women's Group of the Stanford Medical Center, questions Self-Help's exclusive concentration on the reproductive organs. "We're not just vaginas and cervixes," she says. Dr. Fisher realizes that "even if you practice good medicine in the system, you're still an agent of the *status quo,*" but she still can't wholeheartedly agree with Self-Help's anti-doctor line. "You can't run away from doctors, like running to a commune," she insists. "We should ask instead why we don't have more understanding, humane gynecologists"—and try to do something about it.

Sue Reverby, Health-PAC's expert on women's health, adds that while any woman armed with a speculum "can certainly learn a lot about her own physiology, what to do about what you see is not as simple as some of the self-help advocates would have us believe. Self or group observations even for a routine infection are often not accurate ways to make a diagnosis." She tells how she'd diagnosed herself for a yeast infection, only to find out "two doctors and three slides later" that she'd been mistreating herself all along. "The speculum is a weapon," she grants, "but no substitute for an army and battle plan."

Despite occasional quarrels, feminist health experts still give full sympathy and support to Self-Help's basic premise: that women have the right to control their own bodies and health care. This right, however, did not seem self-evident to a group of people in Los Angeles highly suspicious of Self-Help activities then happening at the L.A. Women's Center. Among the doubters were a mother of a junior high-schooler who came to the Self-Help Clinic for birth control; Sharyn Dalton, an undercover police agent who infiltrated the Women's Center pretending she was pregnant; Dorothy Jenkins, a high-school counselor and friend of a detective from the Consumer Affairs Department (of which the Board of Medical Examiners is a part), who attended a paramedics class; and, finally, the city attorney.

Through the efforts of these antagonists, the police raided the original Feminist Women's Health Center on September 20, 1972, confiscated abortion referral records, speculums, and yogurt (including somebody's fruit-flavored yogurt lunch). They arrested Carol Downer and Colleen Wilson for violating Section 2141 of the State Business and Professional Code—practicing medicine without a license. Wilson pleaded guilty to one of the 11 counts against her and the other charges were dropped. She got off with a $250 fine, a 25-day suspended sentence and two years probation. Downer pleaded "not guilty" to the one count against her: diagnosing a common vaginal yeast infection and applying yogurt as a treatment.

Downer's lawyers, Jeanette Christy and Diane Wayne, built the defense around two points: first, that the statute is overbroad so that "a mother couldn't give cough drops to a child at the zoo without breaking a law if we are to interpret it as the prosecutor suggests"; and, second, that the "domestic administration of a family remedy" is excluded from the law. Since yogurt is a home remedy being applied in a home-like situation, the attorneys concluded, Downer was not, in fact, practicing medicine without a license. The case was further strengthened when the defense was able to prove that Downer was actually out of town on one of the days on which the undercover police agent allegedly received advice from her.

The final verdict submitted by the jury of eight men and four women—to the surprise and relief of the Defense Committee—was not guilty. Downer's reaction was enthusiastic, though with reservations. "Had we lost," she said, "it would have been a tremendous setback. The fact that we won buoyed up our spirits." Support poured in throughout the trial in the form of money (totaling $5000, from Gloria Steinem and Robin Morgan among many others) and signed affidavits ("I use and will continue to use a speculum. . . ."). Even the foreman of the jury joined in with a letter to Carol Downer that read, "You're not a downer, you're an upper!"

The trial turned out to provide a useful opportunity for Self-Help consciousness-raising. Members of the Defense Committee ran a Self-Help presentation two blocks from the courthouse, attended by press people as well as secretaries on lunchbreaks. Besides that, as one Self-Help afficianado put it, "The trial taught women all around the country about the yogurt cure. It was a big PR job!"

Still, most of the women closely involved with the case don't really believe that the Courts are the place to win victories for the Movement. They regretted having to focus on the question of "practicing medicine without a license" rather than on the more substantive issues of Self-Help, and the trial did prove emotionally and financially draining. "Putting a little yogurt into my vagina," said Z. Budapest, whose vagina indeed it was, "cost us $10,000 and lots of energy and anxiety." Least encouraging of all, the women feel, is that having survived one bust doesn't necessarily protect the Feminist Health Center from other legal attacks. "If we get into midwifery or paramedic procedures," Downer realizes, "we'll run into trouble again."

[THE 5-MINUTE MENSTRUAL PERIOD]

The most experimental and probably riskiest procedure now being practiced within the Self-Help setting is menstrual extraction, a suction technique using a flexible, plastic cannula and a plastic syringe which removes the uterine lining and may, as its advocates proclaim, reduce

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the monthly period "from five days to five minutes." According to Laura Brown, interest in menstrual extraction often develops naturally out of the three-session Self-Help Clinic. Over the last two years, groups of women have been meeting regularly to extract each others' periods and keep data on their findings (though none of the data has yet been made public). Its practitioners emphasize that the group setting is crucial to the procedure as is the participant's awareness of its experimental nature. "We have the right to do it as consenting adults," Laura Brown insists and adds, "The risks are far outweighed by knowledge gained about our own bodies."

Lorraine Rothman recently redesigned the apparatus used for menstrual extraction by the Self-Help groups and claims that the new kit—to be called "Del'-Em" (patent pending)—will be safer and more efficient than the old set-up. Her basic contribution was to add a by-pass bottle, valve system and tubing to the syringe so that it can be pumped repeatedly without the worry that too much uterine material will collect in it at once or that any air will be pumped into the uterus to cause fatal air embolism. Rothman admits that she and the groups of women involved are still looking carefully for the short- and long-term effects: notably, pelvic inflammatory disease (possibly caused by bacteria introduced by the cannula into the vagina); perforation of the uterus; and eventual cervical incompetence (the weakening of the cervix's potential ability to hold back the baby and the amniotic waters during pregnancy, thus increasing the possibility of premature deliveries). Severe cramping during the extraction can also be a problem, though apparently any woman can simply have the procedure stopped if it becomes too painful.

Menstrual extraction enthusiasts extol the virtues of eliminating the monthly hassle of having a period and emphasize its practical fringe benefits. One woman mentioned a swimmer she knew who extracted her period each month so that she wouldn't have to miss any swim days. The Connecticut mother and daughter Self-Help team, Lolly and Jeanne Hirsch, have lauded the procedure in their Self-Help newsletter, *The Monthly Extract: An Irregular Periodical:* "The technology of menstrual extraction on normal, healthy women is simplicity beyond imagination" and again, "We feel that women must know about and make decisions concerning the birthing canal through which all humans enter this world. It must no longer be the province of MEN ONLY."

Despite the Hirsches' euphoria and zeal about Self-Help, Ellen Frankfort related in an interview that at least once when the elder Hirsch tried to remove her daughter's period, the extraction was unsuccessful. Jeanne, it turned out, had been unknowingly pregnant at the time, and had to be taken to the hospital for a vacuum aspiration abortion to be performed. (Lolly Hirsch, however, now categorically denies this.)

[THE ABORTION KING]

Menstrual extraction (known also as menstrual aspiration, menstrual induction and endometrial aspiration) is also performed as an admitted abortion technique in clinic settings. The most publicized of these seems to be the Women's Community Service Center in West Los Angeles where young, female paramedics (usually under indirect, medical supervision) perform aspiration abortions for $25 on women who are less than nine weeks pregnant (the cost goes up to $40 from the ninth to twelfth weeks). The Clinic has been busted a number of times, but is presently functioning daily. Founding Father of the Clinic, and now "special consultant" and freelance Big Daddy is Harvey Karman, and it is mostly because of Karman that the Clinic has received extensive publicity.

A psychologist with a Ph.D. from the International University in Geneva ("UCLA wouldn't give me a Ph.D. because I was researching abortion," he claims), Karman is a self-taught abortion expert who performed underground illegal abortions for some 20 years and has been "busted more times than I can remember." He is openly hostile to the medical establishment, though he doesn't correct or discourage people who call him "Dr. Karman," as most of his camp followers do—and there are many of them, mostly young women attracted by his charismatic self-confidence and suave, if unctuous, good looks.

He recalls today that his earliest observations of the abortion procedure "convinced me that it didn't have to be emotionally or physically traumatic." Flexible, plastic instruments, he realized, could replace the steel ones then being used, thus eliminating both the need to dilate the cervix to introduce the cannula and the risk of perforating the uterus. Soon, for his own procedures, Karman began using the flexible, plastic cannula (now generally known as the Karman cannula) which served simultaneously as sound, suction wand and blunt curette. He thus did away with the old D&C (Dilation and Curettage) method and introduced his own menstrual aspiration technique, which he calls the "nontraumatic" concept. This method of terminating early pregnancies is not only less painful to the patient, but also simpler and less hazardous for the abortionist to perform, so that Karman has found that trained female paramedics can perform the procedure as successfully as doctors. Since they have often experienced abortion themselves, they presumably have the ability to empathize and the willingness to take the time.

Despite his free-flowing feminist rhetoric and his innovations in abortion procedures—widely used in all the feminist health centers—Karman is by no means embraced by the Self-Help Movement. "We have come to see that Harvey is a very dangerous person," says Laura Brown, who at one time several years ago worked with Karman in his Los Angeles abortion clinic. Carol Downer, who also learned procedures in Karman's Clinic, now claims (at least according to Karman) that she will not rest until she has ruined him.

Why such hostility? Unavoidably, Karman's personal style is anathema to Movement women. His modish clothes and baby blue XKE seem more appropriate to the milieu of *Play It As It Lays* than to the vision of *Our Bodies, Our Selves.* But mostly it is Karman's "hip experimentation on women" that outrages the Self-Help contingent. "His disrespect for women is blatant," says Shelley Farber, one of the directors of the L.A. Feminist Women's Health Center, pointing out how Karman's first cannula patient, from

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his own admission, "didn't even know she was one"; how he reportedly uses shockingly lax pre-operative preparations at his L.A. Clinic (lab work is never done to detect anemia and blood type, including Rh factor); and how he never pays any of the paramedics at the Clinic.

At this point in his career, Karman seems to be more swayed by the fame and glamor of his position than pressured to strict medical accountability. Among his recent publicity coups have been glowing articles in such publications as *Ms.* and *Playgirl;* a guest appearance at a "Sexafari" Conference run by Coyote, the new San Francisco prostitutes' union; and a demonstration of the menstrual aspiration technique on the dining-room table of actress Delphine Seyrig!

Highly defensive about criticism from the Self-Help Movement, Karman heaps generous credit upon himself for all the major women's health breakthroughs (including the "invention" of the plastic speculum, which he calls a "hot shot idea" he had more than ten years ago). Meanwhile, he badmouths the Self-Help founders for being "self-serving" and "ego-tripping." According to Shelley Farber, Karman has tried to pass off his activities as part of the Self-Help Movement, though his comments about its adherents seem rather unfriendly. "Menstrual aspiration attracts a lot of lesbians," he observed to me, "because, as one lesbian told me, 'My lover and I can give each other head all the time now. We don't have to skip a week or two each month.' "

[KARMAN'S "SUPERCOIL"]

Typical of the internecine feuding between the Self-Help faction and the Karman faction was the controversy that erupted last year over another Karman-initiated technique: the "supercoil" abortion method. This method, intended for pregnancies beyond 12 weeks, involves the insertion into the uterus of about 4 to 12 plastic coils, slightly larger than the standard IUD. The coils remain in the uterus for about 16 to 24 hours, gradually inducing miscarriage. If the uterine contents are not expelled spontaneously after removal of the coils, they may be taken out with a forceps. Finally, the uterus may be evacuated by vacuum aspiration using a Karman cannula.

Karman and his trained paramedics have used the "supercoil" method both on women in this country and extensively on rape victims in Bangla Desh. He has written about the method that it "proved remarkably easy to utilize and relatively free of problems"; also that there was "no significant morbidity" among women who underwent the "supercoil" technique. However his claims appear extravagant—at least judging by the experience of 15 women who had "supercoil" abortions under Karman's surveillance in Philadelphia on the weekend of May 13, 1972. That incident led to a series of bitter exchanges, and the threat of a law suit by the Karman people against the Los Angeles Women's Center.

It started in Chicago when police shut down a clinic and stranded 15 women who had been scheduled for abortions there. Merle Goldberg of the National Women's Health Coalition stepped in and made arrangements to take the women to Philadelphia, where Harvey Karman was to give them "supercoil" abortions. In addition, Karman was to supervise and train two doctors who had never before used the method, and a crew from the New York NET television station was to film the entire operation. By all accounts it was a nightmare. The procedures began soon after the women arrived weary fom a 15-hour bus ride, and continued under the glare of TV cameras, the harassment of angry phone calls and protesters outside the operating room, and the threat of a clinic raid by the district attorney.

For whatever reason, 9 of the 15 women experienced complications during the one-week interval between the insertion of the coils and the follow-up exam. Thus the morbidity rate was 60 percent, significantly higher than the 26.1 percent rate for patients who undergo second trimester abortions by all other methods currently being used.

The Self-Help advocates were outraged, and members of the Philadelphia Women's Health Collective wrote it up in an article for the Los Angeles Women's Center newspaper *Sister.* Karman's attorney demanded retraction of the story. When that was refused, Karman and Goldberg threatened to sue.

In part, the issue was medical: Karman wanting to develop new techniques, and the feminists, opposed so long as they judged the methods unsafe. In part, it was a political and moral issue: the feminists protesting Karman's "hip experimentation" on

L.A. FREE PRESS

Harvey Karman

poor, black women, and Karman and Goldberg insisting they're exonerated because the women wanted the abortions and gave their consent to them. And finally, it was a locked-horns power struggle, all too familiar among radicals in the past, long before the feminist dream of a Movement of sisters without leaders or heroes. Is it to be Harvey Karman or Carol Downer and Lorraine Rothman who are crowned with laurels and entitled to wield the plastic speculum?

When he isn't congratulating himself for one or another women's health milestone, Karman is busy insisting that "I don't give a shit whether I'm a hero or not. I think the issue is people." Meanwhile, Carol Downer, whose own manner seems instinctively more modest, can't seem to avoid the adulation of her minions. "Everybody stand up and salute," said one of the

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women at the Los Angeles Self-Help Slide show, when Carol Downer's picture appeared, then quickly added, "The neat thing about Carol Downer is that she's the only one who's not impressed with Carol Downer." Lolly Hirsch, never one to mince words, has her own panegyric to offer. In an article in *The Witch's Os,* she describes, "Beautiful Carol with the long, blond hair and the cool, low-key poise of a Goddess." And in a resounding manifesto in *The Monthly Extract* she pleads, "A woman who can surge to the heights must use every ounce of her talent, beauty, intelligence to *get there;* to forge a path for the rest of us to follow. Mediocrity is for men. We women must return to our former superior selves of the matriarchal times."

[SPREADING THE HAPPINESS]

Amidst all this bombast, the more constructive values of Self-Help must not be overlooked. For though some of the Movement's advocates have gotten mired in infighting and man-hating, many others have gone beyond personality conflicts to explore new ways in which the ideals of Self-Help can benefit themselves and each other. Women in the Berkeley Women's Health Collective, for instance, have taken to heart the Self-Help credo that a patient must take responsibility for herself. If a woman who has been raped comes to the Clinic, a medic explains the various precautions available (treatment for gonorrhea, a morning-after pill) and the woman decides for herself what she wants. In the Wednesday Women's Clinic which the Collective runs at the Berkeley Free Clinic, trying to provide the "least alienating, most informative" gynecological care possible, they assign a woman from the Collective to accompany each patient throughout her exam. The woman from the Collective fills out a long pelvic "herstory" with the patient before her gynecological check and discusses each step of the procedure as it gets underway, always encouraging her to ask questions and gain more information about her own health.

These are some instances of the ways in which women activists have used the teachings of Self-Help to challenge the ethos of the medical establishment and shake up the rigid doctor-patient relationship. Others, like Sue Reverby of Health-PAC, believe that activist energy should focus not on the doctor-patient relationship but on the institutions that control the health system. "I'm more interested in how clinics function," she says, "than in the relationship between the middle-class woman and her gynecologist." Reverby, who feels that "self-help on a limited scale will probably be absorbed by the health system," also believes that "there is a difference between control over knowledge and technology and the power to control policy making." "As the New York abortion experience has shown," she notes, "women paramedics and nurses in abortion clinics do not by any means assure quality care or women's control."

The kinds of actions blessed by Reverby and Health-PAC are struggles where women activists pressure the existing health system for the quality care which they know should be theirs but which has been denied them for so long. These efforts toward institutional reform include pressuring hospitals, drug companies, and malpracticing doctors; urging more women to enter the health labor force; and encouraging those in the labor force already to agitate from within. A couple of years ago, for instance, women staged a sit-in at Fordham Hospital in the Bronx to demand the immediate return of slides from a pap smear clinic held weeks earlier. Another recent example was a group formed in Chicago—Women Act to Control Healthcare (WATCH) which has been struggling to keep open the Chicago Maternity Center, a home delivery service and the only 24-hour obstetrics emergency service in all of Chicago.

Even Carol Downer seems to be shifting her emphasis slightly. At a recent conference to organize a comprehensive health plan to be called Community Health Incorporated, Downer attended as a representative on behalf of women's interests. Not necessarily any less convinced that happiness is knowing your own cervix, Downer seems to be building on Self-Help energy and starting to spread the happiness around a little. ■

CHILE *(From page 28)*

all forms of domination and exploitation. Freedom and respect were won in massive confrontations and through years of struggle and study; it is inconceivable that the workers will passively return to the old patterns of subservience and domination. They have experienced freedom and it is likely they will return to capitalism at the end of a bayonet. The industrial proletariat formed the core of socialist politics, but it was not alone. Several hundred thousand unionized peasants and rural workers allied themselves with the Left and provided active support, though their capacity for political moblization was somewhat more limited. Lastly, there were the *pobladores,* the slum settlers, the urban poor -a large and heterogeneous stratum which was badly mauled by inflation and shortages. Despite the bitterness of empty promises and government vacillation, they were loyal to the revolutionary Left, awaiting the promises of the future.

On the other side of the barricades stood the upper classes and their many allies among the petit-bourgeoisie and lumpenproletariat. Among these amorphous social forces, the truck owners showed themselves to be the most combative and effective. Doctors and dentists were on strike almost continually throughout the year. Nearly all the established "professional" associations had become full-time political vehicles for right-wing politics; lawyers, doctors, dentists and agronomists passed a series of political resolutions up to and including calls for the resignation of the Government. In a state of hysteria and impotence, the doctors expelled Allende from the medical association. In the hospitals of the poor, emergency wards were unattended; women in childbirth, children and old people suffered without medical care; but for the doctors, the defense of their class privilege had priority. All the clap-trap about professional ethics evaporated; what remained was the insolent and gratuitous sneer: "Let the workers go to their Socialist ministers for a cure." Probably the most dangerous classes in Chile were the dispossessed, but physically present and politically active, ex-landowners, ex-industrialists,

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PERSONAL & CONFIDENTIAL

THIS IS ITTHQNY 5:30PM DST JD

TO: MR. H.S. GENEEN—INTEL BRUSSELS
FROM: E.J. GERRITY
DATE: SEPT 29, 1970

CC F.J. DUNLEAVY—INTEL BRUSSELS
GUILFOYLE—ITTHQNY
MERRIAM—ITT WASHINGTON

SUBSEQUENT TO YOUR CALL YESTERDAY I HEARD FROM WASHINGTON AND A REPRESENTATIVE CALLED ON ME THIS MORNING. HE WAS THE SAME MAN YOU MET WITH MERRIAM SOME WEEKS AGO. WE DISCUSSED THE SITUATION IN DETAIL AND HE MADE SUGGESTIONS BASED ON RECOMMENDATIONS FROM OUR REPRESENTATIVE ON THE SCENE AND ANALYSIS IN WASHINGTON. THE IDEA PRESENTED, AND WITH WHICH I DO NOT NECESSARILY AGREE, IS TO APPLY ECONOMIC PRESSURE. THE SUGGESTIONS FOLLOW:

1. BANKS SHOULD NOT RENEW CREDITS OR SHOULD DELAY IN DOING SO.
2. COMPANIES SHOULD DRAG THEIR FEET IN SENDING MONEY, IN MAKING DELIVERIES, IN SHIPPING SPARE PARTS, ETC.
3. SAVINGS AND LOANS COMPANIES THERE ARE IN TROUBLE. IF PRESSURE WERE APPLIED THEY WOULD HAVE TO SHUT THEIR DOORS, THEREBY CREATING STRONGER PRESSURE.
4. WE SHOULD WITHDRAW ALL TECHNICAL HELP AND SHOULD NOT PROMISE ANY TECHNICAL ASSISTANCE IN THE FUTURE.
5. A LIST OF COMPANIES WAS PROVIDED AND IT WAS SUGGESTED THAT WE APPROACH THEM AS INDICATED. I WAS TOLD THAT OF ALL THE COMPANIES INVOLVED OURS ALONE HAD BEEN RESPONSIVE AND UNDERSTOOD THE PROBLEM.

ex-lawyers for U.S. corporations, etc. —all of whom felt they had nothing to lose and were willing to risk anything, to support any adventure, to recover their property. This stratum provided recruits for the fascist terrorist groups and were probably the warmest advocates of "Plan Jakarta"—physical annihilation of several thousand militants subsequent to a coup.

The depth and pervasiveness of class polarization divided the Church and, to a lesser extent, the Army. There were no "purely professional or non-political organizations in Chile. In the Church hierarchy there were approximately one hundred supporters of "Christians for Socialism" while one the other side, rightist priests were led by one Raul Hasbun, who directed ultra right-wing propaganda over the Catholic University television station. In the middle stood the Cardinal, attempting the impossible—to mediate and reconcile the conflicting forces. In a July exhortation to all Catholics, the Episcopal Council pleaded with both sides to avoid civil war, transform Chile into a modern and progressive society with justice for the poor through profound social change—all through dialogue and prayer.

In the Armed Forces, horizontal divisions replaced vertical ones as class divisions in society became more salient. These divisions were blunted, however, by the incapacity of the Government to offer support and encouragement to the enlisted men who remained loyal. The great majority of Navy and Air Force officers supported the coup against the Government. Largely drawn from the urban middle class, many were willing to tolerate nationalist and agrarian changes but shifted to the right along with their civilian counterparts as the process deepened. Prior to the coup, many officers met frequently with U.S. military advisers in Chile, openly expressing their hostility to the Government and their desire for its demise. Not surprisingly, under the cover of these private house gatherings, U.S. military officials encouraged their Chilean counterparts to act. No doubt the State Department's reported promise to a former official of the Frei Government of hundreds of millions of dollars of direct aid to a Frei-led Government subsequent to a coup, served to convince recalcitrant Air Force officers of the inefficiency of socialism.

Many enlisted men, sons of the popular classes, were against the coup —because of the improvements that accrued to their class of origin as well as the numerous benefits which the Allende government bestowed on the military. Yet the Government worked instead with their officers, men of the Right, without making any effort to link the workers with the ordinary soldiers. Indeed, during the early part of 1973, the generals were still divided between loyalists (about 40 percent for Allende) and putschists (about 60 percent) allied with the Right or in opposition to all political parties. By the end of August, however, the putschists clearly gained the upper hand, forcing the resignation of three loyalists (Prats, Pickering and Sepulveda), and thus further homogenizing the leadership of the Army General Staff in preparation for a coup. The coup was delayed mainly because there was considerable uncertainty among the generals about the degree of support for such a move among conscripts and enlisted men.

While the Armed Forces were deeply divided, the prospects for a successful rightist coup were dim. The Right instead relied on terrorism, combined with pressure inside the military, in attempting to force the Government to resign. The greatest fear among prudent putschists was that the loyalist sectors of the Army would have sufficient support to arm the workers and turn the coup into a civil war, one which the Left could very well win. The right-wing military waited until it had purged its internal opposition before initiating action on more favorable terrain: a unified army against unarmed workers.

The class polarization also deeply affected the Chilean intelligentsia, a group which, in previous periods, commonly expressed concern for the poor and protested against injustice. But by the end of the Government's third year, university professors and even the majority of students allied themselves against the egalitarian aspirations of the working class. Three-fifths of the professors, and over half of the students, elected the anti-government rector of the University of Chile. Over 90 percent of the students are from the middle class; they provided the bodies for the downtown demonstrations, as well as joining ultra-right wing groups. As in Cuba in 1960, and Russia in October 1917, the "idealistic" students suddenly discovered the incompatibility of their class aspirations and a popular revolution.

The "progressive" intellectuals—those who voted for the Left in 1970—were disoriented by the intensity of the struggle, appalled and exhausted by the shortages, and uncertain of the role they should assume. "The workers don't need us, they act for themselves," were the words of a sociologist. Immersed in their own day-to-day personal problems, they played a marginal role in the workers' struggle. Only a small core of revolutionary intellectuals, and a minority of students, actively participated in the process through disciplined parties and in the day-to-day preparations to resist the coup—recognizing their role as auxiliaries to the workers' organizations.

[SMASHING THE DEMOCRATIC MYTH]

When Allende was elected in September 1970, a considerable amount of discussion and debate focused on the possibility of Chile following a distinct path toward the construction of socialism; the image projected was of a peaceful

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transformation of the old structures, utilizing or modifying the existing legal, administrative, military and political institutions. Chile's parliamentary tradition was cited, along with its supposedly non-political professional army, as providing a basis for such peaceful change.

But Chile's parliamentary system was always profoundly anti-democratic. The elected bodies always clearly represented the interests of the ruling classes, while for decades excluding the majority of the lower class from meaningful political participation. This became even more true after 1970, as the system attempted to block any efforts by the working class and peasants to create democratic institutions that reflected their class interests. Congress and the courts were the staunchest opponents of any changes which could have the *cordones* or *comandos* assume any effective legislative power.

The myth of Chilean democracy was also a crucial assumption of Allende's Popular Unity Government. The strategy behind Allende's leadership was that the transition to socialism would be an incremental process; having acquired "part" of the government, the Left through time would gradually gain the other portion and eventually transform governmental office into social power. Unfortunately the historical experience in Chile showed otherwise; even before the coup the peaceful and legal transition to socialism had been brought to a stop. Every institutional road was blocked by the legal and illegal measures adopted by the opposition. The only radical transformations that occurred in the last year were the result of the independent activities of the working class outside of the Government, and in a few instances against the explicit directives of the Popular Unity leadership. For example, almost three-fourths of the industrial firms in the private sector were expropriated because of workers' initiatives, enterprises which the Government had no intention of nationalizing and which at one point Allende and the Communists tried to return to their previous owners—unsuccessfully, be the workers would have none of it.

As a result of the Government's incapacity to meet the obstructionist and illegal challenges of the Right, or the demands of the workers, during the past several months governmental authority sharply declined. Right-wing and working-class actions increasingly defined new areas of power. The Christian Democrats, who a year ago pretended to oppose a military takeover, were insisting the Government be replaced by military officers. Senator Frei, the U.S.'s man in Santiago, refused to criticize the military putsch of June 29, or the continuing rightist terror, while his party's paper appealed to the most retrograde prejudices of the petit-bourgeoisie; on the editorial page of *La Prensa* appeared an article decrying the takeover of Chile by a "Jewish-Communist cell!"

Defying every Government decree, the Christian Democrats and their right-wing allies in the National Party and Patria y Libertad were seeking to assemble a parallel government while goading the military to seize power. In anticipation of September 11, a National Party congressman publicly acknowledged shooting at demonstrators outside of Congress, justifying his action as necessary to defend himself against "Communist dogs." The bourgeoisie openly defied all existing laws which did not suit their interest, all in the name of liberty and democracy. The workers, on the other hand, moved ahead and expropriated factories, attempted to organize themselves for defense, and rejected judicial decisions by bourgeois jurists. The same jurists who freed right-wing bombers and jailed peasant demonstrators were described in the U.S. press as an independent judiciary.

Within the industrial belts, the functioning of workers' defense committees and distributive networks were singularly hampered by the Government's unwillingness to accept a general rationing scheme administered from below. The Chilean workers were aware of the fact that all the expensive restaurants were full of middle-class patrons stuffing themselves with meat and chicken and pisco sours, while they in turn waited in line in hopes of obtaining a bone for soup. The workers' support of Allende was conditional and critical; but lacking any clear revolutionary alternative they pushed ahead, hoping he would rectify his course before it was too late. Despite misgivings about the Government, workers had no illusions what its overthrow would mean. They had already witnessed the barbarous treatment meted out by rightist military officers supposedly searching for arms caches in the factories.

JECHO

"The Senator from Washington, D.C."

[TIME RUNS OUT]

In the day-to-day struggles in the barracks, factories and fields, each side tried to gain tactical victories, accumulating forces which would weaken the other side. Each side attempted to impose its own definitive solution to the question of political hegemony; and in the process, each side could have been capable of paralyzing the economy and society. In the middle stood Allende, desperately trying to finish his term of office, appealing first for negotiations with the enemy, and then turning to the workers to defend him against the violent threats of precisely the same people with whom he had proposed a settlement the day before. The institutional noose fastened around Allende's neck by the combined political-military opposition was tightened every day.

First, a *Ley de control de armas* (arms control law) was passed, purportedly to disarm "all" armed groups. Administered by the Army, it resulted in massive searches and raids of factories; workers were herded out in the most humiliating and insulting fashion. Though arms were seldom found, the generals made their point to the workers about what they could expect after

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a *golpe*. These operations with helicopters and blocked roads were clearly preparations, simulations of a real military takeover.

Throughout July and August, Navy commanders harangued enlisted men against the Government, and then proceeded to arrest those individuals who objected for being "insubordinate." Brazilian-style tortures, such as the forced ingestion of human excrement, were applied to enlisted men who had not responded with enthusiasm to the idea of a coup, to force them to admit that they were plotting subversive action. Meanwhile, to facilitate a harmonious takeover, the Navy officers were purging all anti-coup conscripts and enlisted men, as well as leftist factory workers in munition factories.

In the third instance, the right-wing generals exacted sufficient pressure to oust non-socialist but loyalist General Carlos Prats. Allende, faced with the choice of retiring six rightist Generals and perhaps facing an open military confrontation, or accepting the resignation of Prats, chose the latter. But so doing, he surrounded himself with even more conservative forces, and destroyed one of the few chances the Left had of leading a successful military struggle against the Right.

Along with the attacks on the workers, enlisted men, and loyalist generals, fascist groups stepped up their terrorist assaults against the small number of shopkeepers and truck and bus drivers wanting to go about their business. Workers' leaders such as Oscar Balboa, leader of non-striking truckers, were ruthlessly assassinated, and scores of quietly heroic bus drivers were stoned and shot as they tried to complete their runs. But the Government was unable to offer adequate armed protection, especially with generals sitting in the Cabinet, clandestinely plotting the Government's overthrow.

It was not legality, nor Chile's "democratic tradition," nor Allende's adroitness which restrained for a time the civilian and military *golpistas* from achieving their ends. They were acutely aware of the workers' organizations, their capacity for mobilization, their willingness to fight; they knew, too, that some workers were armed. They were aware of the divisions in their own ranks; they had heard the enlisted men whisper that, "He is the best President we've ever had . . ." And the military officials must have already calculated the costs of the destructive civil war they knew that a *golpe* could provoke. In a textile factory, a young apprentice, a militant socialist, put it nicely: "The military may take over the government, but they can't run the factories—we'd blow them up first."

But time ran out. The petit-bourgeois violently resisted the expansion of workers' power, the socialization of the economy, the proletarianization of the country. The workers were tired of the black market, the shortages and exorbitant prices, the terrorist attacks. As one worker put it, "We lack bread, oil and revolution. We can do without bread and oil, but not without revolution." For many the uncertainty became unbearable; the time came for a definitive answer, and it came from the Right.

What will happen in the coming days and weeks? It is hard to believe that the workers will meekly submit to the dictatorship after having tasted a bit of dignity and freedom. But without massive arming of the working class, which can only come from sectors of the Army defecting to the workers' cause, there will be no civil war, only a massacre in the event of a mass uprising. If the workers are armed, they will fight. If not, the struggle will turn into a massive resistance—strikes, stoppages, and slowdowns in all spheres of production, and emergence of armed groups.

The military has shattered forever the peaceful democratic illusions of the Allende Socialists and the Communist Party. The revolutionary Left, MIR (Movement of the Revolutionary Left), MAPU, and the militant wing of the Socialist Party will prepare the armed underground resistance. The struggle will continue with new leaders and new strategies. And in the wings, waiting for the military to finish with the bloodletting, is the mastermind of the whole sordid affair—Eduardo Frei. In due time, there will be "elections" to put him back in power—"democratically." His U.S. mentors will provide the emergency funds to "reconstruct" the society that he did so much to destroy. ■

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